

4.
WITH
The Voyage of Mr. Roger Bird and the Writer hereof, in
a Boat of brown-paper, from *London* to *Quinborough* in *Kent*.

AS ALSO,
A Farewell to the matchlesse deceased Mr. *Thomas Coriat*.

CONCLVDING WITH
The commendations of the famous Riuer of *T H A M E S*.

By *IOHN TAYLOR*.

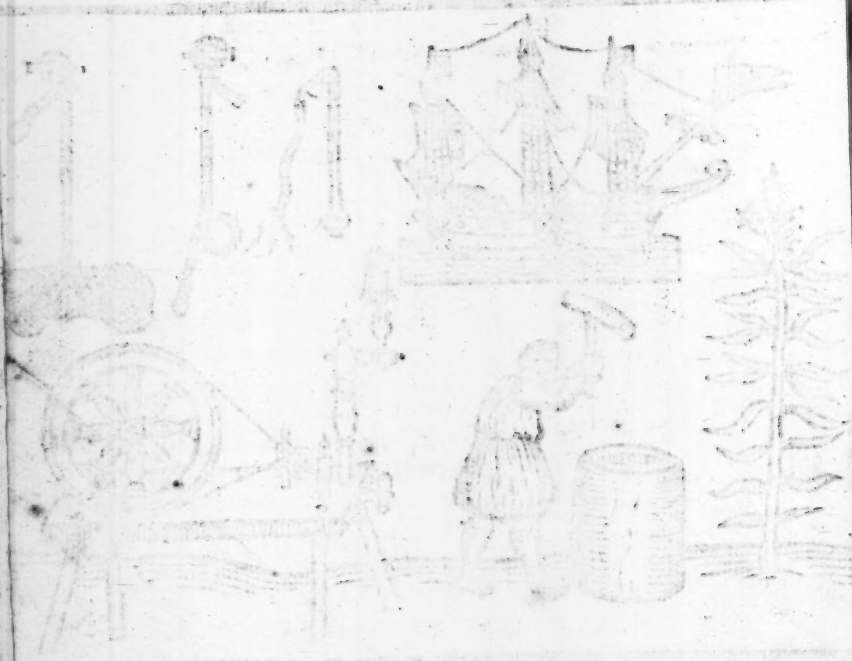
The Contents of the Booke are in the next Lease before the Preamble:

The profits arising by *Hemp-seed* are $\frac{5}{2}$ *Cloathing, food, fishing, Rapping,*
Pleasure, profit, Iustice, whipping.



Printed at *London* for *H. Gosson*, and are to be sold at *Christ-Church gate*. 1630.

WITH
 The Voyage of Mr. Robert Boyle and the Wither person in
 a boat of brown paper, from London to the River of
 AS ALSO
 A Harwell to the marshes of the River of
 CONCERNING WITH
 The... of the... of the... of the...
 H. Louis...
 The... of the... of the... of the...



Printed in London by J. Sturges, at the Sign of the Anchor, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1710.



TO THE RIGHT
WORSHIPFUL PATERNES
and PATRONS of honest endeouors,

Sir THOMAS HOVVET, and Sir ROBERT
WISEMAN Knights: And to the worthy
Gentleman, Mr. IOHN WISEMAN,
health, mirth, and happinell
be euer attendaars.

And Noble Sirs:



Could haue soyled a greater
volume then this with a deale
of empty and triuiall stuffe: as
puling Sonnets, whining Ele-
gies, the dog-trickes of Loue,
toyes to mocke Apes, and trans-
forme men into Asse. Which
kinde of writing is like a man
in authority, ancient in years,
reuerend in beard, with a pro-
mising out-side of wisdom
and gravity, yet in the expected performances of his pro-
found understanding, his capacity speakes nothing but
Micumus. But here your Worships shall finde no such
stuffe: for though I haue not done as well as I should, yet I

The Epistle Dedicatory.

have performed as much as I could. I have not had rivers of oyle, or fountaines of wine to fill this my poore caske or booke: but I haue (as it were) extracted oyle out of Steele, and wine out of dry chaffe. I haue here of a graine of Hemp-seed made a mountain greater then the Apenines or Caucasus, and not much lesse then the whole world. Here is labour, profit, cloathing, pleasure, food, Navigation: Divinity, Poetry, the liberall Arts, Armes, Vertues defence, Vices offence, a true mans protection, a theifes execution. Here is mirth and matter all beaten out of this small seede.

With all, my selfe for my selfe, and in the behalfe of Mr. Roger Bird, do most humbly thanke your Worships for many former undeserued courtesies and fauours extended towards vs, especially at our going our dangerous voyage in the Paper-boat: for which we must ever acknowledge our selues bound to your Goodnesses. Which voyage I haue merrily related at the end of this Pamphlet, which with the rest I haue made bold to dedicate to your worshipfull and worthy Patronages, humbly desiring your pardons and acceptances, ever remaining to be commanded by you and yours in all obsequiousnesse.

John Taylor,

THE CONTENTS

of this *BOOKE*.

- 1 **T**He most part of such Authors are nominated, as haue written of triuiall matters.
- 2 The names of most of the Pagan and Hea-thenish Idols, that haue beene and are honoured at this present.
- 3 The profit and pleasure all Countries haue by *Hemp-seed*.
- 4 How it propagates the Gospel.
- 5 Nauigation, with the commodities it brings and carries.
- 6 How many Trades and Functions liue by it.
- 7 How when it is worn to ragges, it is made into paper.
- 8 How many liue by it being paper.
- 9 The sacred memory of *Patriarches, Prophets, Euangelists, Apostles, and Fathers*.
- 10 The foure Monarchies.

THE CONTENTS.

- 11 The seven Wonders.
- 12 Philosophers, Historians, Chronographers,
Poets ancient and moderne, the best sort
mentioned.
- 13 The Anatomy of a Brownist, or precise *Am-
sterdam* Puritane.
- 14 A Voyage in a paper-boat to *Quinborough*.
- 15 The description of a Sea-storme.
- 16 The names of the most famous Riuer in
the world.
- 17 The prayse of the noble Riuer of *Thames*.



A
PREAMBLE, PREATROT,
Preagallop, Prearack, Preapace,
or Preface, and Proface my Maisters,
if your stomackes serue.



Ooke, goe thy wayes,
and honest wirth prouoke:
And spightfull spirits
with Melancholy choake.

Booke, I command thee,
where thou dost resort,
To be the bad mens terror,
good mens sport.

Neere as thou canst, I pray thee do not misse,
But make them vnderstand what Hemp-seed is.

Me thinkes I heare some knauish foolish head,
Accuse, condemne, and iudge before he read:
Saying, the fellow that the same hath made,
Is a mechanicke Waterman by trade:
And therefore it cannot worth reading be,
Being compil'd by such an one as he.

Another spends his censure like Tom-Ladle,
(Brings in his fine eggs, foure of which are adle.)
Mewes and makes faces, yet scarce knowes whats what:
Hemp-seed (quoth he,) what can be wris of that?

Thus these deprauing minds their iudgements scatter,
Eyther against the Wruter or the Master.
But let them (if they please) read this Preamble,
And they will finde that I haue made a scamble.

To

A Preamble.

*To show my poore plantions want of skill,
How Hemp-seed doth deserve, preserve, and kill.
I muse that neuer any excellent wit
Of this forgotten subject yet hath writ.
The theme is rich, although esteemed meane,
Not scurrulous, prophane, nor yet obscene.
And such a taske may well become a quill
To blaze it, that hath all the grounds of skill.
This worke were no dishonor or abuse,
To Homer, Ouid, or to Maroes Muse.
A thousand Writers for their arte renown'd,
Haue made farre baser things their studies ground,
That men haue cause to raile against fruitlesse Rimes,
(Vainly compil'd in past and present times,)
And say, O Hemp-seed, how art thou forgotten
By many Poets that are dead and rotten?
And yet how many will forget thee still,
Till they put on a Tyburne Pickadill.*

The names of
most of such
Authors or
their Workes,
as haue writ
vpon many
poore subjects.

*Erasinus, that great Clerke of Rotterdam,
In praise of Folly many lines did frame:
The summe and pith of all his whole intents
Shoves Fooles are guilty, and yet innocents.
Another, briefly, barely did relate:
The naked honor of a bare balde Pate:
And for there's not a hayre twixt them and heauen,
The title of tall men to them is giuen:
And sure they put their foes in such great dread,
That none dares touch a hayre vpon their head.*

*Mountgomery, a fine Scholler did compile
The Cherry and the Sloe in learned stile.
Homer wrote brauely of the Frog and Rat,
And Virgil versified vpon a Gnat.
Ouid set forth the art of lustfull Loue.
Another wrote the Treatise of the Dove.
One with the Grasshopper doth keepe a rut.
Another rimes vpon a Hazell Nut.
One with a neat Sophisticke Paradoxe
Sets forth the commendations of the Poet.*

Signetur

Signeur Inamorato's Muse doth sing

In honour of his Mistris Gloue or Ring.

Her Maske, her Fanne, her Pantofole, her Glasse,

Her Any thing can turne him to an Asse.

Pliny and Aristotle write of Bees.

Some write of beggeries twenty foure degrees.

One of the Owle did learnedly endite,

And brought the night-bird welcome to day-light.

A second did defend with tooth and naile

The strange contentment men may finde in Tayle.

A third doth the third Richard much commend,

And all his bloody actions doth defend.

A fourth doth shew his wits exceeding quicknesse,

In praise of Tauerne healths and drunken sicknesse.

A fift doth toyle his Muse quite out of breath,

Of aduerser fortune, banishment or death.

A sixt the very firmament doth harrow,

Writes of the Parrat, Popinjay and Sparrow,

The Storke, the Cuckoe: nothing can escape,

The horse, dogge, asse, foxe, ferret, and the ape.

Mounseur de Gallia writes all night till noone,

Commending highly Tennis or Balouise.

Anothers Muse as high as Luna flyes,

In praise of hoarsenesse, dropies, and bleare-eyes,

The Gout, Sciatica, scab hams, small legs:

Of thred-bare cloakes, a Jewes trump, or potch'd ege.

One, all his wit at once, in Rime discloses

The admirable honour of red-noses:

And how the nose magnifecat doth beare

A tincture, that did neuer colour feare.

One doth heroick is throughout our coast,

The vertue of muld-sacke, and ale and toast.

Another takes great paines with inke and penne,

Approving fat men are true honest men.

One makes the haughty vauy wolkin ring

In praise of custards and a bag-pudding.

Another, albe ~~signifying~~ Inke and paper, Labour

Exalting dawning, makes his Muse so open.

B

Another

*Another's humor will nothing allow
 To be more profitable then a Cow,
 Licking his lips, in thinking that his the same
 Is milke, cheese, butter, whey, whig, curds, and cream,
 Leather and Veale, and that which is most chiefe
 Tripes, chisterlings, or fresh or powder'd beefe,
 A number haue contagiously rehearsed
 And on Tobacco vapour'd and vnderd,
 Maintaining that it was a drug deuine
 Fit to be seru'd by all the Sisters mine.
 Yet this much of it, I shall euer thinke.
 The more men stir in it, the more 'twill stinke,
 A learned Knight, of much esteeme and worth,
 A pamphlet of a priuy did set forth,
 Which strong breath'd Ajax was well lik'd, because
 'Twas writ with wit and did deserve applause.
 One wrote the Nightringale and lab'ring Ant,
 Another of the Flea and th' Elephant.
 Tom Nash a witty pamphlet did endite
 In praise of Herrings, both the red and white.
 And some haue writ of maggots, and of flies
 A world of fables, fooleries, and lies.
 And this rare Hempseed, that such profit brings,
 To all estates of subiects, and of Kings,
 Which rich commoditie if man should lacke,
 He were not worth a shirt vnto his backe.
 And shall it no triumphant honour haue,
 But lye dead, buried in obliuious graue?
 Some Critticks will perhaps my writing tax
 With falshood, and maintaine their shirts are flax,
 To such as those, my answer shall be this,
 That flax the male and hemp the female is,
 And their engendring procreantise seed
 A thousand thousand helpes for man doth breed.
 And as a man by glaucing vp his eie
 Sees in the aire a flock of wild geese flie:
 And ducks, and woodcocks, of both sexes be
 Though men doe name them none, for breemie.*

The mouth of
 a comon obie-
 ction flopt.

Similies and
 comparilons.

There's

There's ganders 'mongst the geese, hens with the cocks,
 Drakes with the ducks, all male and female flocks;
 The Ewe, the Ram, the lamb, and the fat weather
 In general are called sheepe together.
 Harts, Stags, Bucks, Does, Hinds, Roes, Fauues, euery where
 Are in the generality call'd deere.
 So Hemp and Flax, or which you list to name
 Are male and female, both one, and the same.
 Those that gainst these comparisons deride,
 And will not with my lines be satisfide,
 Let them imagine, e're they doe condemne
 I lone to play the foole with such as them.
 The cause why Hempseed hath endur'd this wrong
 And hath it's worthy praise obscur'd so long,
 I doe suppose it to be onely this
 That Poets know their insufficiency is,
 That were earth paper, and sea ink, they know
 'Twere not enough great Hempseeds worth to show,
 I muse the Pagans, with variety,
 Of godles gods, made it no deity.
 The Egyptians to a Bull, they Apis nam'd
 A temple most magnificent they fram'd,
 The Ibis, Crocodile, a cat, a dog,
 The Hippopotamy, beetles, or a frog.
 Ichneumons, dragons, the wolfe, aspe, eele, and Ram,
 (Base beastly gods, for such curst sonnes of Cham,)
 Who were so with idolatry misled,
 They worship'd onions, and a garluke head.
 King Iereboam for his gods did take,
 Two golden calves, and the true God forsake.
 The Philistins, and the Assirians,
 The Persians and Babilonians,
 Samaritans, and the Arabians,
 The Thebans, Spartans, and Arhemians,
 The Indians, Parthians, and the Libians
 The Brittaines, Gallians, and Hibernians:
 Since the first Chaos, or creation
 Idolatry hath crept in euery nation,
 And as the diuell did mens minds inspire,
 Some worship't, carth, yme, aye, or water, fire,

Here follows
 the names of
 most of the
 heathen gods
 and idols.

If these people
 had tasted but
 a melle of
 Tewxbury
 stard they wold
 surely haue ho-
 nored it for a
 god or feared it
 as a diuell.

*Winds, Rivers, Rainbow, Stars, and Moons and Sall:
 Ceres, and Bacchus riding on his tun,
 Mars, Saturne, Ioue, Apollo, Mercury,
 Priapus and the Queene of lechery,
 Vulcan, Diana, Pluto, Proserpine,
 Pomona, Neptune, and Pans piping shrine:
 Old Beldam Berecynthia: Stones and Trees
 Bewitched creatures worships on their knees.
 Baal, Baalzebub, Nifroth, the Diuell, and Dagon,
 Ashtaroth, Rimmon, Belus, Bell, the Dragon:
 Flies, fooles, hawkes, madmen; any thing they saw:
 Their very Prinies they did serue with awe:
 And they did sacrifice, at sundry feasts
 Their children vnto diuels, stockes, stones and beasts.
 O had these men the worth of Hempseed knowne,
 Their blinded zeale (no doubt) they would haue showne
 In building temples, and would altars frame,
 Like Ephesus to great Dianaes name.
 And therefore Merchants, Mariners, people all
 Of all trades, on your marrow-bones downe fall:
 For you could neyther rise, or bite or sup,
 If noble Hempseed did not hold you vp.
 And Reader now I thinke it is fit time
 To come vnto the matter with my rime.
 But iudge not till you haue well read and scan'd,
 And aske your selues if you do vnderstand:
 And if you can, doe but this fauour shew
 Make no ill faces, cry not rash and mew:
 For though I dare not brag, I dare maintaine
 True censurers will iudge I haue tane paine.
 Vnto the wise I humbly doe submit:
 For those that play the fooles for want of wit,
 My poore reuenge against them still shall be,
 Ile laugh at them whilst they doe scoffe at me.*

THE



THE PRAISE OF HEMP-SEED,

Sweet sacred Muses, my inuention raise
Vnto the life, to write great Hempseeds praise.

This graine growes to a stalke, whose coate or skin
Good industry doth hatchell, twist, and spin,
And for mans best aduantage and auailes
It makes clothes, cordage, halters, ropes and sailes.
From this small Atome, mighty matters springs,
It is the Art of navigations wings;
It spreads aloft, the lofty skie it scales,
Flies o're the great Leviathan and Whales,
Diues to the boundlesse bottome of the deepe,
Where *Neptune* doth mongst dreadfull monsters keep.
From pole to pole, it cuts both Seas and Skies,
From th'orient to the occident it flies.
Kings that are sundred farre, by seas and lands,
It makes them (in a manner) to shake hands.
It fills our Land with plenty wonderfull,
From th'Esteerne Indies, from the great Mogull,
From France, from Portingale, from Venice, Spaine,
From Denmarke, Norway, it scuds o're the maine
Vnto this Kingdome it doth wealth acruie
From beyond China, farre beyond Peru.
From Belgia, Almaine, the West Indies, and
From Guiny, Biny, Island, Newfound-land :

With the Lead
and the Anker,

It is an Instru-
ment by the
appointment
of God for the
encrease of the
Gospell of
Christ.

This little seede is the great instrument
To shew the power of God Omnipotent,
Whereby the glorious Gospell of his Sonne
Millions mislead soules hath from Sathan wonne.
Those that knew no God in the times of yore,
Now they their great Creator doe adore.
And many that did thinke they did doe well
To giue themselues a sacrifice to hell,
And seru'd the diuell with th'inhumane slaughters
Of their vnhappy haplesse sons and daughters:
Now they the remnant of their liues doe frame
To praise their Makers and Redeemers name.
Witnesse Virginia, witnesse many moe,
Witnesse our selues, few hundred yeares agoe,
When in Religion, and in barbarous natures,
We were poore wretched misbeleeuing creatures.
How had Gods Preachers saild to sundry coasts,
T'instruct men how to know the Lord of Hosts?
But for the sayles which he with winde doth fill
As seruants to accomplish his great will.
But leauing this high supernat'ral straine,
I'll talke of Hempseed in a lower vaine.
How should we haue gold, siluer, Iems, or iewels,
Wine, oyle, spice, rice, and diuers sorts of fewels:
Food for the belly, cloathing for the back,
Silke, Sattin, Veluet, any thing we lack,
To serue necessity? How could we get
Such plenteous sorts of fish, but with the net?
The Smelt, Roche, Salmon, Flounder and the Dace,
Would in fresh riuers keepe their dwelling place.
The Ling, Cod, Herring, Sturgeon, such as these
Would liue and die in their owne native seas.
Without this seed the Whale could not be caught,
Whereby our oyles are out of Greenland brought.

Nay

Nay were not for the net made of this seed,
 Men could not catch a Sprat whereon to feed.
 Besides, it librally each where bestowes
 A living vpon thousands where it growes;
 As beaters, spinnetts, weauers, and a crue
 Of haltermakers which would scarce liue true,
 But for th'impoyment which this little graine
 Doth vse them in, and payes them for their paine.
 The rope makers, the net makers, and all
 Would be trade-falne, for their trade would fall.
 Besides, what multitudes of fishers are
 In euery sea-towne, numbers past compare,
 Whilest they, their seruants, children and their wiues
 From Hempseed get their liuing all their liues.
 The fish-mongers would quickly go to wrack;
 The lacke of this seed, would be their great lack;
 And being now rich, and in good reputation,
 They would haue neither hall nor corporation.
 And all that they could buy, or sell, or barter,
 Would scarce be worth a gubbin once a quarter.
 The mounting Larke, that seemes so high to fly.
 Vntill she seeme no greater then a flie;
 And to the flaming Sunne doth chirp and prate,
 Doth in the net come to her ending date.
 My neighboir woodcocke, buzzard, and the gul,
 And Phillip sparrow all most plentifull.
 All sorts of faire fowle, or the foulest fowle,
 From the degree of the eagle to the owle,
 Are with ingenions lins, grins, nets and snares
 For mans reliefe oft taken vnawares:
 Deeres, hares, and conies would too much abound,
 And ouer-run the bearing breeding ground,
 And weazels, polecats, wildcats, stoats and such
 Like spoiling vermin, would annoy men much,

Mirth and
 Truth are good
 companions.

But

But for toyles, hayes, for traps; for snare and grins,
 Which brings vs food, and profit by their skins.
 No plowman liues beneath the azure cope,
 But for his plough or cart, must vse the rope;
 No hostler liues in ours, or other lands,
 But makes the halters horses falling bands;
 Bells would hang dead within the lofty steeple
 And neuer call to Church forgetfull people,
 Mute like a bagpipe, that hath lost his bag,
 Except the bell ropes made the clappers wag.
 It were an endlesse raske to goe about it,
 To reckon those that cannot liue without it.
 Alasse what would our silken Mercers bea
 What could they doe (sweet Hempseed) but for thee?
 Rash, Taffara, Paropay, and Nouato,
 Shag, Fillizetta, Damaske and Mockado,
 No Veluers, Piles, two Piles, Pile and halfe Pile,
 No Plusie, or Grograines, could adorne this Ile,
 No cloath of silver, Gold, or Tissue, here:
 Philip and Cheiny neuer would appeare
 Within our bounds, nor any Flanders Serge
 Could euer come within our kingdomes verge.
 Should Mercers want these things, with diuers more
 Their trade were nothing; or else very poore.
 This seed doth helpe the Grocer euery season,
 Or else his wisdom could not yeeld a reison.
 He could not long be Currant in his store,
 And (scarcely worth a fig) would end his Date.
 For Cloues his credit would be clouen quick,
 Nor from the loafe or lumpe, his lips could lick.
 No Nutmegs, Liquoris, or biting graines
 Or Almons for a Parrat, were his guines,
 Sans Ginger weakly he would run his Race,
 And poultry Mace, would purdowne Indian Mace.

Heres good
 stuffe quoth
 Hix his boy.

And

And he vnable (through his want of pelfe)
 To pepper vs, or yet to prune himfelfe.
 The Draper of his wealth would much be shorted,
 But that our cloathes and Kerfies are transported,
 Our cottons, peniftones, frizadoes, baze,
 Our fundry sorts of frizes, blackes and grayes.
 And Linnen-Drapers, but for transportation,
 Could hardly canuafe out their occupation.
 Hemp-feed doth yeeld, or elfe it doth allow
 Lawne, cambricke, holland, canuafe, callico,
 Normandy, Hambrough, ftrong poledanis, lockram,
 And to make vp the Rime (with reason) Buckram.
 The Gold-Smiths ftate would totter and vnsettle,
 And he could be a man of no good mettle,
 Were't not for failes and ropes, that fhips do rig,
 That bring gold, filuer, many a fowe and pig:
 Which makes them by an admirable skill
 To liue by that which many a horfe doth kill,
 Which is the fashions; for continually
 They fell the fashions, but they feldome buy.
 And braue wine-merchants, little were your gaine,
 By Mallegoes, Canaries, Sacke from Spaine:
 Sweet Allegant, and the concocted Cure,
 Hollock and Tent would be of fmall repute.
 Your Bastards their owne fathers would forget,
 Nor they our Goffips lips no more would wet.
 The winde no Muskadell could hither bandy,
 Or fprightfull Malmefey out of fruitfull Candy.
 Liatica or Corfica could not
 From their owne bearing breeding bounds be got.
 Peeter-fe-mea, or head-ftrong Charnico,
 Sherry, nor Rob-o-Dauy here could flow.
 The French Frontiniacke, Claret, Red nor White,
 Graues nor High-Country could our hearts delight.

A Gold-Smith
 and a Tayler
 liue, by that
 which will kill
 a horfe.

O all you Be-
 chanaffan drun-
 kards beware
 Hemp-feed

C

No

No Gascoygne, Orleance, or the Cryfall Sherrant
Nor Rhenish, from the Rheine would be apparant,
Thus *Hempseed*, with these wines, our land doth spread
Which if we want wine merchants trades were dead.

The Vintners trade were hardly worth a rush
Vnable to hang vp a signe, or bush:

And wer't not for this small forgotten graine
Their coniuring at midnight would be vaine.

Anon, anon would be forgotten soone,
And he might score a pudding in the moone,

But not a pint of Clarret in the sunne,
Because the empty hoghead could not runne.

His blushing lattice would looke pale and wan,
Nor could he long be a well liquord man:

No more could all his regiments of pots
Affright men daily, with scores, bills, and shots.

The Taylers trade would hardly get them bread:
If *Hempseed* did not furnish them with thread:

And though it be a terror to most theeyes
Yet it this occupation neuer greeues,

They loue it, blacke, browne, yellow, Greene, red, blew,
Which is a signe, that Taylers must be true.

The worthy company, of warmlin'd Skinners
Would in short space be miserable sinners

If *Hempseed* did not oft supply their boxes
With *Russian* fables, Miniuers, and Foxes:

With Beares, and Budes, and rare powdered Ermines,
And with the skins of diuers beasts and vermines.

The Habberdasher of smal ware, would be
In a smal time, a man of smal degree:

If *Hempseed* did not help him by the great,
Smal would his Gaines be, to buy cloathes or meate.

Then might his wares be rightly tearmed smal
Which would be either few, or none at all.

And

They might
liue to die
poorely, but
not die to liue
rich.

And Diets, though you do no colours feare
Tis *Hempseed* thar doth you to riches reare,
Woad, Madder, Indico, and Cutcheneale,
Brazil, and Loggwood, and abundant deale
Of drugs, which did they not your wants supply,
You could not liue, because you could not die.

Apothecaries, were not worth a pin,
If *Hempseed* did not bring their conummings in,
Oyles, Vnguents, Sirrops, Mineralls, and Baulmes,
(Al Natures treasure, and th' Almighties almes)
Emplaisters, simples, compounds, fundry drugs
VVith Necromantick names, like feareful bugs,
Fumes, vomits, purges, that both cures, and kills,
Extractions, conserues, preserues, potions, pil,
Elixers, simples, compounds, distillations,
Gums in abundance, brought from forraigne nations.

A braue world
for Phisicians
and Surgions
the while.

And al, or most of these forenamed things
Help, health, preferuatiues, and riches brings.
Ther's many a gallant, dallying with a drab
Hath got the *Spanish* pip, or *Naples* scab,
The *Gallia* Morbus, or the *Scottish* fleas,
Or *English* Pox, for al's but one disease.

And though they were perfum'd with *Ciuet* hot
Yet wanting these things they would stink and rot,
VVith gowrs, consumptions, palsies, lethargies,
VVith apoplexies, quincies, plewrisies,
Cramps, catarafts, the tearethroate cough and tiseick
From which, to health men are restor'd by Phisick.

Agues, quotidian, quartane, tertian, or
The leprosie, which al men do abhor.
The stone, strangury, botches, biles, or blaines,
Head-aches, cankers, swimming of the braines,
Ruptures, *Hernia aquosa*, or *Carnosa*,
Or a *Eolian hernia ventosa*.

All Dropfies, Collicks, Jaundizes, or Scabs,
 Gangrenaes, Vicers, wounds, and mortall stabs.
 Illiaca paffioes, Megrimms, Mumps, or Mange,
 Contagious blouds, which through the veins do range
 Scurfes, meazels, murraines, fluxes, all these griefes,
 Transported medicines daily bring releefes,
 Most seruiceable Hempfeede, but for thee,
 These helps for man could not thus scattered be.
 Tobacoes fire would soone be quenched out,
 Nor would it lead men by the nose about:
 Nor could the merchants of such heathen Docks
 From small beginnings, purchase mighty Stockes,
 By follies daily dauncing to their pipe
 Their States from rotten stinking weeds grow ripe:
 By which meanes they haue into Lordships run
 The Clients being beggered, and vndone:
 Who hauing smoak'd their land to fire, and aire
 They whiffe and puffe themselues into dispaire.
 Ouid mongst all his *Metamorphosis*
 Ne're knew a transformation like to this,
 Nor yet could *Oedipus* e're vnderstand,
 How to turne land to smoak, or smoak to land.
 For by the meanes of this bewitching smother,
 One Element is turn'd into another,
 As land to fire, fire into aieri matter.
 From aire, (too late repenting) turnes to water.
 By Hempfeed thus, fire, water, aire, earth, all
 Are changd by pudding, lease, roule, pipe and ball.
 Lip-licking Comfit makers, by whose trade,
 Dainties come thou to me, are quickly made:
 Baboones, and hobby-horses, owles, and apes,
 Swans, geese, dogs, woodcocks, and a world of shapes,
 Castles for Ladies, and for Carpet Knights,
 Vnmercifully spoyld at feasting fights,

A strange
 change, and yet
 not stranger
 then for the
 women of these
 times to be
 turn'd to the
 shapes of men.

Where

Where battering bulles are fine sugred plums,
 No feare of roaring guns, or thundring drums :
 There's no tantarra, fa fa fa, or force
 Of man to man, or warlike horse to horse;
 No mines, no countermines, no pallizadoes,
 No parrapets, or secret ambuscadoes,
 Of bloud and wounds, and dismall piercing lances
 Men at this fight are free from such mischances.
 For many gallants, guilded swords do weare,
 Who fight these battells without wit or feare :
 All striuing as they did for honour thirst,
 All greedy which can giue the onser first;
 Each one contending in this Candied coyle,
 To take most prisoners, and put vp most spoile.
 Retiring neuer when they doe assaile,
 But most aduentrouslly, with tooth and naile,
 Raze, ruinate, demolish, and confound,
 The sugred fabricke leuell with the ground.
 And hauing laid the buildings thus along,
 They swallow downe, and pocket vp the wrong.
 That who so that way afterwards do passe,
 Can see no signe where such a castle was :
 For at these warres most commonly 't is seene,
 Away the victors carry all things cleane.
 It fortunes in these battells now and then
 Women are better souldiers farre then men :
 Such sweet mouth'd fights as these do often fall
 After a Christning, or a funerall.
 Thus Hemp the comfit-makers doth supply,
 From them that newly liue, and newly die.
 If the black Indians or Newcastle coales
 Came not in fleets, like fishes in their shoales,
 The rich in gownes and ruggs themselves might fold,
 But thousands of the poore would starue with cold.

Sweet warres,
 and dangerous
 tooth-valours.

The commodities of these
 black Indies
 are worth more
 white money
 to vs, then
 either the East
 or West Indies
 will euer be
 profitable.

Smiths, Brewers, Diers, all estates that liues
This little seed service or comfort giues.
For why, our kingdome could not serue our turne
For Londons vse, with wood seauen yeares to burne:
And which way then could coales supply our need,
But by th' Amighties bounty and this seed?

You braue *Neptunians*, you salt-water crew,
Sea-plowing Mariners; I speake to you: •
From Hemp you for your selues and others gaine
Your sprit sayle, fore-saile, top-saile, and your maine,
Top, and top gallant, and your mizzen abaft,
Your coursers, bonnets, drablers, fore and afr,
The sheats, racks, boliers, braces, halliards, eyes,
Shrowds, ratlings, lanyards, tackles, lifts, and guies,
Your martlines, ropeyarnes, gaskets, and your stayes,
These for your vse, small Hempseed vp doth raise:
The boighrope, boatrope, guestrope, catrope, portrope,
The bucket rope, the bolt-rope, long or short-rope,
The entering rope, the top rope, (and the rest
Which you that are acquainted with know best:)
The lines to sound in what depth you do slide,
Cables and hausers, by which ships do ride:
All these, and many more then I can name,
From this small seed, good industry doth frame.
Ships, Barks, Hoyes, Drumlers, Craires, Boats, all would
But for the Ocum caulk'd in euery chink: (sink,
Th' vnmatched Loadstone, and best figur'd Maps
Might shew where foreigne countries are (perhaps,)
The Compasse (being rightly toucht) will show
The thirty two points where the windes doe blow:
Men with the *Iacobs* staffe, and Astrolobe
May take the height and circuit of the Globe:
And sundry art-like instruments shew cleare
In what Horizon, or what Hemisphere

Men

Men sayle in through the raging ruthlesse deep,
And to what coast, such and such course to keepe;
Gueſſing by th' Articke, or Anarctieke ſtarre,
Climates and countries being neate or farre,
But what can theſe things be of price or worth (North)
To know degrees, heights, depths, Eaſt, Weſt, South,
What are all theſe but ſhadowes, and vaine hopes,
If ſhips do either want their ſailes or ropes?

And now ere I offend, I muſt confeſſe
A little from my theame I will digreſſe;
Striuing in verſe to ſhew a linely forme
Of an impetuous gult, or deadly ſtorme.
Where vncontrolled Hyperborean blaſts
Tears all to ratters, rackings, ſailes, and maſts;
Where boiſterous puffs of *Eurus* breath did hize
And 'mongſt our throwds and Cordage wildely whize:
VWhere thundring *Ioue* amidſt his lightning flaſhing,
Seem'd ouerwhelm'd with *Neptunes* mountain daſhing:
VWhere glorious *Titan* hid his burning light,
Turning his bright meredian to black night:
VWhere bluſtring *Bore* blew confounding breath,
And thunders dreadfull *Iaxum* threatned death:
VWhere Skies and Seas, *Hayle*, VVind and ſlaueing,
As if they all at once had meant to meet (Sleepe
In fatal oppoſition, to expire
The world, and vnto *Chaos* back retire.
Thus whilſt the VVinds and Seas contending gods,
In rough robuſtious fury, are at odds,
The beaten ſhip roſt like a forceleſſe feather,
Now vp, now downe, and no man knowing whither:
The Topmaſt ſometime tilting at the Moone,
And being vp doth fall againe as ſoone,
VVith ſuch precipitating low deſcent,
As if to helles blacke kingdome downe ſhe went.

Poore

A storme.

Poore ship that rudder, or no sterage soles,
Sober, yet worse then any drunkard reeles,
Vnmanag'd, guidlesse, to and fro she wallowes,
Which (seemingly) the angry billowes swallows.
Midst darknesse, lightning, thunder, fleet and raine,
Remorcelesse winds, and mercy-wanting Maine,
Amazement, horror, dread, from each mans face
Had chaf'd away lifes blood, and in the place
Was sad despaire, with haire heat'd vp, vp right,
With ashy visage, and with sad affright,
As if grim Death with his all-murdering dart,
Had ayming beene at each mans bloodlesse heart,
Out cries the Maister, lower the top-saile, lower,
Then vp aloft runs scrambling three or foure,
But yet for all their hurly burly hast,
E're they got vp, downe tumbles sayle and mast.
Veare the maine sheat there, then the Maister cride,
Let rise the fore tack, on the larboord side:
Take in the fore-saile, yare, good fellowes, yare,
Aluffe at helme there, ware no more, beware.
Steere south, south-east there, I say ware, no more,
We are in danger of the leeward shore,
Cleere your maine brace, let goe the bolein there,
Port, port, the helme hard; Rómer come no neere.
Sound, sound, heaue, heaue the lead, what depth,
Fadom and a halfe, three all. (what depth?)
Then with a whistle the winds againe doe puffe,
And then the maister cries aluffe, aluffe,
Make ready th'anker, ready th'anker hoc,
Cleere, cleere the boighrope, stedy, well steer'd, so:
Hale vp the boar, in sprit-saile there afore,
Blow winde and burst, and then thou wilt giue o're,
Aluffe, clap helme a lee, yea, yea, done, done,
Downe, downe a low, into the hold, quick runne,
There.

There's a plancke sprung, something in hold did break,
 Pump bullies; Carpenters, quicke, stop the leake.
 Once heaue the lead againe and found abass,
 A shafnet lesse, seauen all.
 Let fall the Ancker there, let fal, let fal,
 Man man the boat, a woat ha'e, vp hale,
 Top yer maine yard, a porr, veere cable alow,
 Ge way a head the boat there hoe, dee row,
 Well pumpt my hearts of gold, who saies amends
 East and by South, West and by North she wends.
 This was a weather with a witnesse here,
 But now we see the skies begin to cleare,
 To dinner hey, and let's at ancker ride,
 Till winds grow gentler, and a smoother tide.

*I think I haue spoken Heathen-Greeke, Tropian, or Bermudian,
 to a great many of my Readers, in the description of this storm,
 but indeed I wrote it onely for the understanding Mariners
 reading, I did it three yeares since, and I could not finde a fit-
 ter place then this to insert it, or else it must haue laine in si-
 lence. But to proceed to my former the same of Hempseed.*

The Shoe-maker and Cobler, with their Ends
 One alwaies makes, and t'other euer mends:
 Take away Hemp, the sole and vpper leather
 I know could neuer well be sow'd together.
 And for the Cobler it appeareth plaine
 That he's the better workman of the twaine,
 For though a Shoemaker in art excell,
 And makes his shoes and boots neuer so well:
 Yet euermore it is the Coblers trade
 To mend the worke the Shoemaker hath made.
 The Cobler (like a Iustice) takes delight
 To set men that doe walke aside, vp right.

The character
 of a Cobler.

D

And

And though he looke black, as he carried coles,
He daily mendeth desperate wicked soles :
Though Crownes and Angels may perhaps be scant,
Yet store of peeces he doth neuer want :
And let his worke be ended well or ill,
Here's his true honour, he is mending still.
And this his life and occupation is,
And thus he may thanke *Hempseed* for all this .
For *Hempseed*, if men rightly vnderstand,
Is knowne the greatest iustice in a Land :
How could men trauell safely, here and there,
If *Hempseed* did not keepe a Theefe in feare?
No man within his house could liue or rest
For villaines, that would pilfer and molest,
And breake downe walls, and rife Chests and Truncks
To maintaine drinking, dicing, Knaues and Punks :
That many a one that's wealthy ouer-night
Would ere the breake of day be begger'd quite :
Worth thousands lately, now not worth a groat,
And hardly scapes the cutting of his throat.
No doubt but many a man doth liue and thriue,
Which (but for *Hempseed*) would not be aliue :
And many a Wife and Virgin doth escape
A rude deflouring, and a barbarous rape :
Because the halter in their mindes do run,
By whom these damned deeds would else be done.
It is a bullwarke to defend a Prince,
It is a subiects armour and defence :
No Poniard, Pistoll, Halbert, Pike, or Sword
Can such defensiuie, or sure guard afford.
There's many a Rascall that would rob, purloine,
Pick pockers, and cut purses, clip and coine,
Do any thing, or all things that are ill,
If *Hempseed* did not curb his wicked will.

Th

'Tis not the breath, or letter of the Law
 That could keepe theques rebellious wills in awe:
 For they (to saue their liues) can vse perswasions,
 Tricks, sleights, reprimands, and many strange euasions.
 But tricke, reprimand, or sleight, nor any thing
 Could euer go beyond a Hempen string.
 This is Lawes period, this at first was made
 To be sharpe Iustice, executing blade.
 This string the Hangman monthly keepes in tune,
 More, then the Cuckoes song in *May* or *June*,
 It doth his wardrobe, coine and stock vpreare,
 In euery month, and quarter of the yeare.
 Besides, it is an easie thing to proue,
 It is a soueraigne remedie for loue:
 As thus, suppose your thoughts at howerly strife
 Halfe mad, and almost weary of your life,
 All for the loue of some faire female creature,
 And that you are entangled with her feature,
 That you are sad, and glad, and mad and tame,
 Seeming to burne in frost, and freeze in flame,
 In one breath, sighing, singing, laughing, weeping,
 Dreame as you walke, and waking in your sleeping,
 Accounting houres for yeares, and months for ages,
 Till you enioy her, that your heart incages,
 And she hath sent you answers long before
 That her intent is not to be your whore:
 And you (for your part) meane vpon your life
 Ne're while you liue to take her for your wife.
 To end this matter, thus much I assure you,
 A Tiburne Hempen-caudell well will cure you.
 It can cure Traytors, but I hold it fit
 T'apply't ere they the treason do commit:
 Wherefore in *Sparta* it ycleped was
Snickup, which is in English *Gallow-grasse*.

Yet there hath
 bin 2 or 3 naked
 Sessions,
 wherein none
 hath been ex-
 ecuted: by
 which meanes
 he is in danger
 of breaking, or
 bankruptisme;
 for the Hang-
 mans trade is
 maintained by
 Iustice, and not
 by Mercy.

The names
 that diuers Na-
 tions did attri-
 bute to Hemp-
 seed.

The *Libians* call'd it *Reena*, which implies
 It makes them die like birds 'twixt Earth and Skies,
 The name of *Choak-wort* is to it assign'd,
 Because it stops the venom of the minde.
 Some call it *Neck-weed* for it hath a tricke
 To cure the neck that's troubled with the crick.
 For my part all's one, call it what you please,
 'Tis soueraigne gainst each Common wealths disease,
 And I do wish that it may cure all those
 That are my Soueraignes and my Countries foes.
 And further, I would haue them search'd and seene
 With care and skill when as their wounds be groene,
 For if they do to a *Gangrena* runne,
 There's little good by Hempseed can be done;
 For could I know mens hearts, I hold it reason
 To hang a Traytor in his thought of treason:
 For if his thought do grow vnto an act
 It helps not much, to hang him for the fact.
 But that example may a terror strike
 To others, that would else attempt the like.

To end this point of Hempseed, thus in briebe
 It helps a true man, and it hangs a theefe.
 Rates, Imposts, Customes of the Custome-house
 Would (at the best rate) scarce be worth a Louse:
 Goods in and out, which dayly ships doe freight,
 By guesse, by tale, by measure and by waight,
 Which yearely to such mighty summes amount
 In number numberlesse: or past account:
 Were't not for Hempseed, it doth plaine appeare
 These profits would not be a groat a yeare.
Columbus, Cortois, Magellan and Drake
 Did with this seed rheir great Discoueries make.
Braue Hawkins, Baskerville, Candlish, Fennor, Best,
Smith, Sherley, Rawleigh, Newport, and the rest,

The names of
 many braue
 discoverers:
 Sir Richard
 Grinville, Char-
 les, Earle of
 Nottingham,
 Henry Earle of
 South-hamp-
 ton.

Web,

Web, Tomerfon, Willoughby, Sir Thomas Roe,
The Lord 'la Ware, Frobuscher, many moe,
Nichols, and Malum, Rolph, and Midleton,
And Sir Iames Lancaster, and Withrington.

And all the worthy things that these men did
 Without this seed had bin vndone, and hid,
 Fame ne're had trumpetted their noble fames
 And quite forgotten were their acts and names.

The worlds seauen wonders, wer't not for this graine The seauen
Wonders.
 In poore remembrance, or forgot had laine,
 The wals of *Babel*, sixty miles about,
 Two hundred foote in height, thick fifty foote:
 Which Queene *Semiramis*, in state did reare,
 Employed three hundred thousand men ten yeare.

Nor the great Image that at *Rhodes* was made
 Whose mettall did nine hundred Cammells lade.
 The Piramides of *Ægypt*, so renownd
 At th' foote in compasse forty acres ground:
 The which in making twenty yeares did then
 Employ at worke thirty sixe thousand men.

The Toomb of *Mausolus*, King of *Caria*
 Built by his Queene, (kind *Artimesia*)
 So wondrous made by Art and workmanship
 That skill of man could neuer it outstrip;
 'Twas long in building, and it doth apeare
 The charges of it, full two Millions were,
Dianaes Temple built at *Ephesus*
 Had bin vnheard of, and vnknowne to vs,
 Which was two hundred twenty yeares in building
 With marble pillars, and most sumptuous guilding.

The image of *Olimpique Iupiter*
 Had from *Achaya* not beene fam'd so farre
 Nor *Pharos* watch towre, which the world renownes
 which cost foure hundred fourescore thousand crowns,

Thus without *Hempseed* we had neuer knowne
 These things, nor could they to the world be showne.
 Of famous *Corias*, hadst thou come againe
 Thou wouldst haue told vs newes, direct and plaine,
 Of Tigers, Elephants, and Antelops
 And thousand other things, as thicke as hops,
 Of men with long tailes, faced like to hounds,
 Of oysters, one whose fish weigh'd forty pounds,
 Of spiders greater then a walnut shell
 Of the *Rhinoceros* thou wouldst vs tell,
 Of horses rane with hawkes, of bears, and buls,
 Of men with eares a span long, and of guls
 As great as swans, and of a bird cal'd Ziz
 Whose ege wil drownd some threescore villages.
 Of cranes, and pigmyes, lizzards, buzzards, owles,
 Of swine with hornes, of thousand beasts and foules.
 All these, and more then I to mind can call

Hyperbole.

I thinke it best
 to sow all our
 land with it e-
 uery third year
 for now our
 bread & drinke
 come growing
 out of the ex-
 crements of
 beasts, makes vs
 to participate
 of their beastly
 natures, as
 when barlye
 growes where
 swine haue
 dunged, those
 that drinke the
 ale or beere
 made of that
 malt, are many
 times as beastly
 as swine, and as
 drunk as hogs.

Thou wouldst haue told vs, and much more then all,
 But that our expectations were preuented
 By death, which makes thy friends much discontented.
 But farewell *Thomas*, neuer to returne
 Rest thou in peace within thy forraine Vnre,
Hempseed did beare thee ore the raging some
 And o I wish it had returnd thee home,
 For if thou hadst come backe, as I did hope,
 Thy fellow had not bin beneath the Cope.
 But we must lose that which we cannot saue,
 And freely leaue thee, whom we cannot haue.
 Moreouer, *Hempseed* hath this vertue rare
 In making bad ground good, good corne to beare,
 It fats the earth, and makes it to excell
 No dung, or marle, or muck can do't so well:
 For in that land which beares this happy seed
 In three yeares after it no dung will need,

But

But sow that ground with barley, wheat, or rye
 And stil it wil encrease abundantly.
 Besides, this much I of my knowledge know
 That where *Hemp* growes, no stinking weed can grow,
 No cockle, darnell, henbane, tare, or nettle
 Neere where it is can prosper, spring, or settle,
 For such Antipathy is in this seed,
 Against each fruitlesse vnderferuing weed,
 That it with feare and terror strikes them dead,
 Or makes them that they dare not shew their head,
 And as in growing it al weeds doth kil
 So being growne it keepes its nature stil,
 For good mens vses serues, and stil releiues
 And yeelds good whips & ropes, for rogues & theeues.
 I could rehearse of trades, a number more
 Which but for *Hempseed* quickly would be poore:
 As Sadlers, for their elks-haire to stuffe their sadles,
 And girses, and thousand fiddle sadles;
 But that ile put my Reader out of doubts,
 What a rich thing it is being worne to clowtes:
 For now how it to paper doth conuert
 My poore vnable Muse shal next insert.
 And therefore noble and ignoble men
 Iudge gently of the progresse of my pen,
In forma pauperis, poore men may sue,
 And I in forme of paper speake to you.
 But paper now's the subiect of my booke,
 And from whence paper it's beginning tooke:
 How that from little *Hemp* and flaxen seeds
 Ropes, halters, drapery, and our napery breeds,
 And from these things by Art and true endeuer,
 Al paper is deriued, whatsoeuer.
 For when I thinke but how is paper made
 Into Philosophy I straight waies wade:

How

How here, and there, and euery where lies scatter'd,
Old ruind rotten rags, and ropes, all tatter'd.
And some of these poore things perhaps hath beene
The linnen of some Countesse, or some Queene,
Yet lies now on the dunghill, bare, and poore
Mix'd with the rags of some baud, theefe, or whore.
And as these things haue bin in better states
Adorning bodies of great Potentates,
And lies cast off, despised, scorn'd, deiected,
Trod vnder foote, contem'd and vnrespected,
By this our vnderstandings may haue seeing
That earthly honour hath no certaine being.
For who can tell from whence these tatters springs?
May not the torne shirt of a Lords or Kings
Be pasht and beaten in the paper mill
And made pot paper, by the workemans skill?
May not the linnen of a Tiburne slaue,
More honour then a mighty Monarke haue:
That though he dyed a traytour most disloyall
His shirt may be transform'd to paper royall?
And may not dirty socks, from off the feete
From thence be turnd to a crowne-paper sheete?
And dunghill rags, by fauour, and by hap
May be aduanc'd a loft, to sheets of cap?
As by desert, by fauour, or by chance
Honour may fall, and begg'ry may aduance,
Thus are these tatters Allegoricall
Tropes, types, and figures, of mans rise or fall.

Thus may the rellikes of sincere diuines
Be made the ground-worke of lasciuious lines,
And the cast smock that chaste *Lucretia* wore
Beare bawdy lines betwixt a knaue and whore.

Thus may a *Brownists* zealous ruffe in print
Be turnd to paper, and a Play writ in't,

Or

Or verses of a may-pole, or a ball
 Iniunctions for some stomacks having Puff-
 And truly 'twere prophane, and great abuse,
 To turne the brethrens linnen to such use,
 As to make Paper on't; to beate a song,
 Or Print the superstitious Latine tongue,
Apocrypha, or *Ember-weekes*, or *Lent*,
 No holy brother surely will consent
 To such Idolatry, his spirit and zeale
 Will rather trouble Church, and common-weale:
 He hates the Fathers workes, and had much rather
 To be a bastard, then to haue a father.
 His owne interpretation he's affoord
 According to the letter of the word,
 Tropes, Allegories, Types, Similitudes,
 Or Figures, that some mysticke sence includeth:
 His humour can the meaning so vafold
 In other fashions then the Fathers could,
 For he (dogmatically) doth know more
 Then all the learned Doctors knew before.
 All reuerend ceremonies he's oppose,
 He can make an Organ of his nose,
 And spin his speech with such sincerity,
 As if his bridge were fallen in verity.
 The Cope, and Surplesse he cannot abide,
 Against the corner-Cap he out hath cride,
 And calls them weeds of superstition,
 And liueries of the whore of *Babylon*.
 The Crosses blessing he esteemes a curse,
 The Ring in mariage, out vpon't, 'tis worse.
 And for his kneeling at the Sacrament,
 Insooth he's rather suffer banishment,
 And go to *Amsterdam*, and liue and die
 Ere he'll commit so much idolatry.

E

He

He takes it for an outward sale or signe, as to a shew
A little consecrated bread and wine,
And though it from his blessed Saviour come:
His manners takes a living on his hum,
The spirit still directs him how to pray,
Nor will he dresse his meat the Sabbath day,
Which doth a mighty mystery unfold,
His Zeale is hot, although his meat be cold.
Suppose his Cat on Sunday kill a Rat,
She on the Monday must be hang'd for that.
His faith keeps a continuall holy day,
Himselfe doth labour to keepe it at play:
For he is read and deeply understood
That if his faith should worke, it would doo no good,
A fine cleane fingerd faith must faue alone,
Good workes are needlesse, therefore he'le do none.
Yet patience doth his spirit so much inspire,
He'le not correct a seruant in his ire,
But when the spirit is his hot fury layes,
He congregates his folkes, and thus he sayes:

Attend good *Nichodemus*, and *Tobias*,
List to your reuerend master *Ananias*,
And good *Aminadab*, I pray attend,
Here's my man *Ismael* highly did offend;
He told a lye, I heard his tongue to trip,
For which most surely he shall taste the whip.

Then after some sententious learned speech,
The seruant humbly doth let fall his breech,
Mounts on his fellowes back, as on a Mule;
Whilst his pure maister mounts his rod of rule.
The boy in lying with his tongue did faile,
And thus he answers for it with his taile.
O Vpright, Sincere, Holy execution,
Most patient, vnpollured absolution.

Shall paper made of linnen of these men
Be stained with an vnjustified pen
Insooth who ere doth so, bee't he or she,
They little better then the wicked be,
Children of Sathan and abomination,
The brood of Belialls cursed congregation,
The bastard offspring of the purple whore,
Who do the *Babylonish* beast adore.

From the Creation to the generall flood,
The name of paper, no man vnderstood:
But by tradition still from Sire to Son,
Men living knew the deeds by dead men done.
Yet many things were in the Deluge sau'd
In stony pillars charactered and grau'd
For the most part antiquity agrees,
Long since the flood men writ in balkes of trees:
Which was obseru'd late in *America*
When Spanish Cortois conquer'd *Mexica*,
Then after in Fig leaues and Sicamour,
Men did in characters their mindes explore.
Long after, as ingenious spirits taught,
Raggs and old ropes were to perfection wrought
Into square formes, yet how to giue a name
Vnto their workmanship they could not frame.
Some Authoers doe the name of Paper gather,
To be deriu'd from *Papa*, or a Father;
Because a learned man of *Arrius* sect
Did Christendome with heresie infect:
And being in great errors much mistooke,
Writ and diuulged in a paper booke.
And therefore *Nymphs* thus much doth insert,
The name of Paper sprung from *Papier*.
Some hold the name doth from a *Rush* proceed,
Which on *Egyptian* *Nile* banks doth breed.

The originall
of Paper

Which rush is call'd *Papyrus*, for on it
Th' *Egyptian* people oftentimes had writ.

A poore com-
parison.

And some againe of lesse authority
Because its made of raggs and poucey,
Instead of paper name it *Pauperis*,
But sure me thinks they take their marks amisse,
For foure and twenty sheets do make a Quire,
And twenty Quire doth to a Reame aspire,
And euery Reame were Kingdomes for their strength,
But that they want a single lin length.
A Reame of Paper therefore keepe great port,
And were a Realme, were't not an l too short.

Besides, we haue an old prognosticator,
An erring Father, *quasi Erra Pater*;
His euerlasting Almanack tells plaine,
How many miles from hence to *Charles his waine*,
From *Luna* vnto *Mercury*, how farre
To *Venus*, *Sol* and *Mars* that warlike starre:
From *Mars* to merry thunder-thumping *Ioue*,
And thence to sullen *Saturne*, high't above:
This (if I lie not) with aduice and leasure
Old *Erra Pater* to an inch did measure.

It was time to
remember my
selfe, for I was a
degree too
high.

But hollow Muse, what mounted to the sky,
I'le clip your soaring plumes, for you and I
Must talke of Paper, Hemp, and such as this,
And what a rich commodity it is.
The best is I haue elbow roome to trace,
I am not tide to times, to bounds, or place,
But *Europe*, *Asia*, *Sun-burnt Affrica*,
America, *Terra incognita*,
The Christians, Heathens, Pagans, Turkes, and Iewes,
And all the world yeelds matter to my Muse:
No Empire, Kingdome, Region, Prouince, Nation,
No Principality, Shire, nor Corporation:

No

No country, county, city, hamlet, towne,
But must vse paper, either white or browne.
No Metropolitane, or gracious Primate
No village, pallace, cottage, function, climate,
No age, sex, or degree the earth doth beare,
But they must vse this seed to write, or weare.

Tis paper (being printed) doth reueale
Th'Eternall testament of all our weale:
In paper is recorded the records
Of the Great all-Creating Lord of Lords.
Vpon this weake ground, strongly is engran'd
The meanes how man was made, and lost, and san'd,
Bookes Patriarchall, and Prophetical,
Historicall, or heau'nly Mystical,
Euangelike, and Apostolicall,
Writ in the sacred Text, in general.
Much hath the Church (our mother) propagated
By venerable Fathers workes translated
Saint Ierome, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine,
Saint Basil, Bernard, Cyprian, Constantine:
Eusebius, Epiphanius, Origen,
Ignatius, and Lactantius (reuerend men)
Good *Luther, Caluine, learned Zwinglius,*
Melancton, Beza, Oecolampadius,
These, and a world more then I can recite
Their labours would haue slept in endlesse night,
But that in paper they preseru'd haue bin
T'instruct vs how to shun death, hell, and sin.
How should we know the change of monarchies,
Th'Assyrian, and the Persian Emperies,
Great *Alexanders*, large, smal lasting glory
Or *Romes high Casars* often changing story?
How should Chronologies of Kings be knowne
Of either other countryes, or our owne?

But that *Iosephus*, and *Suetonius*,
Pollidore, *Vingil*, and *Ortelius*,
Seneca, and *Cornelius Tacitus*,
With *Scaliger*, and *Quintus Curtius*,
Plutarch, *Guichiardine*, *Gallobelgicus*,
Thomasio, and *Hector Boetius*,
Fox, *Cooper*, *Froissard*, *Graffon*, *Fabian*,
Hall, *Houëden*, *Langyet*, *Sleiden*, *Buchanan*,
The Reuerend learned *Gambden*, *Selden*, *Stowe*,
With *Polychronicon*, and *Speed*, and *Have*,
With *Parris*, *Malsbury*, and many more
Whose workes in paper are yet extant store.

Philemon Holland (famous for translation)
Hath (with our owne tongue) well intricht our nation.
Esope, and *Aristotle*, *Pliny*, *Plato*,
Pithagoras, and *Cicero*, and *Cato*,
Du Bartas, *Ariosto*, *Martial*, *Tasso*,
Plantus, and *Homer*, *Terence*, *Virgill*, *Naso*,
Fraunciscus Petrark, *Horace*, *Iuuenal*,
Philosophers and exlent Poets all.

Or Orators, historians, euery one
In paper made their worthy studies knowne.

Who euer went beyond our learned King,
Whose Art throughout the spacious world doth ring:
Such a Diuine, and Poet, that each State
Admires him, whom they cannot imitate,

In paper, many a Poet now suruiues
Or else their lines had perish'd with their liues.
Old *Chaucer*, *Gower*, and *Sir Thomas More*,
Sir Philip Sidney, who the *Lawrell* wore,
Spenser, and *Shakespeare* did in Art excell,
Sir Edward Dyer, *Greene*, *Nash*, *Daniell*,
Siluester, *Benmont*, *Sir Iohn Harrington*,
Forgetfulnesse their workes would ouertun,

But

But that in paper they immortally
Do liue in spight of death, and cannot die.

And many there are liuing at this day

VVhich do in paper their true worth display

As *Davis*, *Drayton*, and the learned *Dun*,

Ionson, and *Chapman*, *Marston*, *Middleton*,

VVith *Rowley*, *Fletcher*, *Wickers*, *Messenger*,

Heywood, and all the rest where e're they are,

Must say their lines, but for the paper sheets

Had scarcely ground, whereon to set their feet

Acts, Statutes, Lawes, would be consumed and lost

All right and order, topsy-turvy tost:

Oppression, wrong; destruction and confusion

VVer't not for paper, were the worlds conclusion

Negotiations, and Embassages

Maps, Cartes, discoueries of strange passages:

Leagues, truces, combinations, and contracts

Ecclesiastick monuments, and acts

Lawes, Nat'rall, Morall, Ciuill, and Diuine

T' instruct, reprove, correct, in large confine:

All Memorandums of forepassed ages,

Sayings and sentences of auuncient Sages,

Astronomy, and Phisick much renowned,

The Liberall Arts rules, maximes, or ground,

The glory of *Apolloes* Radiant shine,

Supporter of the Sacred sisters Nine,

The *Atlas*, that all histories doth beare

Throughout the world, here, there, and euery where.

All this and more is paper, and all this,

From fruitfull *Hempseed* still produced is.

VVer't not for rags of this admired lint,

Dead were the admirable Art of Print:

Nor could the Printers with their formes and proofes

VVorke for their owne, or other mens behoofes.

O Flano,

Othello, Quarto, Folio, or Miscellany :

Twelves, nor yet sixty foure would ere be seene,
Nor could their pages be the meanes to feed
And cloath them, and their families at need.

The Stationer that liues, and gaineth well,
And doth the word of God, both buy, and sell,
I know not which way he could liue and eate
If printed paper did not yeeld him meate.

Some foolish knaue (I thinke) at first began
The slander that three Taylers are one man :
When many a Taylers boy, I know hath beene,
Hath made tall men much fearfull to be seene.
The boy hath had no weapon, nor no skill,
But armed with a Taylers paper bil,
Which being edgd with *Items*, stiffnings, facings,
With bumbast, cottens, linings, and with laccings,
The boy hath made a man his head to hide
And not the bare sight of the bill abide.
When boyes with paper bills, frights men so sore,
'Tis doubtles but their masters can doe more.
And many millions, both of boyes and men,
Do onely liue, and flourish with the pen :
Yet though the pen be through the world renownd,
'Twere nothing except paper were the ground.

All Lawyers from the high'st degree or marke,
Vnto the lowest Barrester or Clarke,
How could they do if paper did not beare
The memory of what they speake or heare?
And Iustice Clarks could hardly make strong warrants
For theeues, or baudes, or whores, or such like arrants,
But that in paper 'tis their onely vse
To write, and right the Commonwealths abuse.

Thus much of paper here my Muse hath said,
But yet if all it's profits were displaid,

Ten Paper mills could not afford enough
To write vpon, in praise of writing stuffe.

I therefore to conclude, this much will note
How I of Paper lately made a boat,
And how in forme of Paper I did row
From London vnto *Quinborough* Ile show.
I and a Vintner (*Roger Bird* by name)
(A man whom Fortune neuer yet could tame)
Took ship vpon the vigill of Saint *Janes*,
And boldly ventur'd downe the *River Thames*,
Lauing and cutting through each raging billow,
(In such a Boat which neuer had a fellow)
Hauing no kinde of mettle, or no wood
To helpe vs either in our *Ebbe*, or *Flood*:
For as our Boat was Paper, so our Oares
Were *Strock-fish*, caught neere to the *Island* shores.
Thus being Oar'd and shipt away we went
Drining t'wixt *Essex* calues and sheepe of *Kent*:
Our Boat a female vessell gan to leake
Being as female vessells are, most weake,
Yet was she able (which did grieue me fore)
To drowne *Hodge Bird*, and I and forty more.
The water to the Paper being got,
In one halfe houre our boat began to rot:
The *Thames* (most lib'r'all) fil'd her to the halues,
Whilst *Hodge* and I sat liquor'd to the calues.
In which extremity I thought it fit
To put in vse a stratagem of wit,
Which was, eight *Bullocks* bladders we had bought
Pustt stisly full with winde, bound fast and tought,
Which on our Boat within the *Tide* we ride,
Of each side foure, vpon the outward side.
The water still rose higher by degrees,
In three miles going, almost to our knees.

Stock-fishes
vntreated,
bound fast to
two canes with
pack-thread,

Our rotten bottom all to tatters fell,
 And left our boar as bottomlesse as hell.
 And had not bladders borne vs stiffy vp,
 We there had tasted of deaths fatall cup.

And now (to make some sport) I e make it knowne
 By whose strong breath my bladders all were blowne:
 One by a cheuerell conscienc'd Vsurer;

We had more
 winds then the
 Compasse, for
 we had eight
 seuerall winds
 in our bladders,
 and the 32
 of the Com-
 passe, in all 40.

Another by a drunken Bag piper
 The third a VVhore, the fourth a Pander blew,
 The fift a Cu'purse, of the cursed crew,
 The sixt, a post-Knight that for five groats gaine
 Would sweare and for foure groats forswear't againe.
 The seauenth was an Informer, one that can
 By informations begger many a man.

The eight was blowne vp by a swearing Royster,
 That would cut throats, as loone as eate an Oyster.

We being in our watry businesse bound,
 And with these wicked winds encompass'd round,
 For why such breaths as those, it fortunes euer,
 They end with hanging, but with drowning neuer:

And sure the bladders bore vs vp so tight,
 As if they had said, Gallowes claime thy right.

This was the cause that made vs seeke about,
 To finde these light Tiburnian vapours out.

We could haue had of honest men good store,
 As VVatermen, and Smiths, and many more,
 But that we knew it must be hanging breath

That must preserue vs from a drowning death.
 Yet much we fear'd the graues our end would be:
 Before we could the towne of *Grauesend* see:

Our boat drunke deeply with her dropsie thirst,
 And quafft as if she would her bladders burst,

VVhilst we within sixe inches of the brim
 (Full of salt water) downe (halfe sunck) did swim.

Carefully
 and delereetly
 prouided.

Thou-

Thousands of people all the shores did hide,
And thousands more did meet vs in the tide
VVith Scullers, Oares, with ship-boats, and with Barges
To gaze on vs they put themselues to charges.

Thus did we driue, and driue the time away,
Till pitchy night, had driuen away the day:
The Sun vnto the vnder world was fled:
The Moone was loath to rise, and kept her bed,
The Starres did twinkle, but the *Ebon* clouds
Their light, our sight, obscures and ouerthrowds.
The tossing billowes made our boat to caper,
Our paper forme scarce being forme of paper,
The water foure mile broade, no Oares to row,
Night darke, and where we were we did not know.
And thus 'twixt doubt and feare, hope and despaire
I tell to worke, and *Roger Bird* to praier.
And as the surges vp and downe did heaue vs,
He cride most feruently, good Lord receiue vs.
I praid as much, but I did worke and pray,
And he did all he could to pray and play.
Thus three houres darkling I did puzzell and toile
Sow'd and well pickl'd, chafe and muzzell and moile,
Drencht with the swassing waues, and stewd in sweat,
Scrace able with a Cane our boat to set,
At last (by Gods great mercy and his might)
The morning gan to chase away the night.
Aurora made vs loone perceiue and see
VVe were three miles below the towne of *Lee*,
And as the morning more and more did cleare,
The sight of *Quinbrough* castle did appeare.
That was the famous monumentall marke,
To which we striu'd to bring our rotten barke:
The onely ayme of our intents and scope,
The ancker that brought *Roger* to the hope.

He dwelleth
now at the
Hope on the
Back-side.

Thus

A dry-house
had bin worth
the hauing
then.

Thus we from Saturday at euening Tide;
Till Monday morne did on the water bide.
In rotten paper and in boistrous weather,
Darke nights, through wet, and toyled altogether.
But being come to *Quinbrough*, and aland,
I tooke my fellow *Roger* by the hand,
And both of vs ere we two steps did goe
Gaued thankses to God that had preferu'd vs so:
Confessing that his mercy vs protected
When as we least deseru'd and lesse expected.
The Mayor of *Quinborough* in loue affords
To entertaine vs, as we had beene Lords:
It is a yearly Feast kept by the Mayor,
And thousand people thither doth repaire,
From Townes and Villages that's neere about,
And t'was our luck to come in all this rout.
T'h'streere, Bread, Beere, and Oysters is their meat,
Which freely, friendly, shot-free all do eat.
But *Hodge* and I were men of ranck and note,
We to the Mayor gaue our aduenturous boat:
The which (to glorifie that towne of *Kent*)
He meant to hang vp for a monument.
He to his house inuited vs to dine,
Where we had cheare on cheare, and wine on wine,
And drinke, and fill, and drinke, and drinke and fill,
With welcome vpon welcome, welcome still.
But whilst we at our dinners thus were merry,
The Country people tore our tatter'd wherry
In mammocks peccemeale, in a thousand scraps,
VWearing the reliques in their hats and caps.
That neuer Traytors corps could more be scatter'd
By greedy Rauens, then our poore boat was tatter'd:
VWhich when the Mayor did know, he presently
Tooke patient what he could not remedy.

The

The next day we with thanks left *Quimbroughs* coast
 And bled vs home en horse-backe all in post.
 Thus Master *Birds* strange voyage was begun,
 With greater danger was his money won.
 And those that doe his coyne from him detain
 (Which he did win with perill and much paine)
 Let them not thinke that e're 'twill do them good,
 But eate their marrow, and consume their blood.
 The worme of conscience gnaw them euery day
 That haue the meanes, and not the will to pay.
 Those that are poore, and cannot, let them be
 Both from the debt and malediction free.

Thus (I in part) what *Hempseed* is haue showne,
 Cloth, ropes, rags, paper, poorely is made knowne:
 How it maintaines each kingdome, state, and trade,
 And how in paper we a voyage made.
 I therefore to conclude, thinke not amisse
 To write something of *Thames*, or *Thamasis*.
Maze, Rubicon, Elue, Volga, Ems, Scamander,
Loyre, Moldone, Tyber, Albia, Seyne, Meander,
Hidaspes, Indus, Inachus, Tanaies,
 (Our *Thames* true praise is far beyond their praise)
Great Euphrates, Iordane, Nilus, Ganges, Poe,
Tagus and Tigris, Thames doth far out goe.
Danabia, Ister, Xanthus, Lisus, Rhrine,
Wey, Scuerne, Auon, Medway, Isis, Tine,
Dee, Ouze, Trent, Humber, Eske, Tweed, Annan, Tay,
Firth (that braue Deny-ocean) *Clide, Dun, Spay,*
 All these are great in fames, and great in names,
 But great'st in goodnesse is the riuer *Thames*.
 From whose Diurnall and Nocturnall flood
 Millions of soules haue fewell, cloathes and food:
 Which from twelue houres to twelue doth stil succeed,
 Hundreds, and thousands both to cloath and feed.

The names of
 the most fa-
 mous rivers
 in the world.

Of watermen, their seruants, children, wiues,
It doth maintaine neere twenty thousand liues.
I can as quickly number all the starres
As reckon all things in particulars :
Which by the bounty of th' All-giuing giuer
Proceeds from this most matchlesse, famous Riuer.
And therefore 'tis great pittie, shelde or sand
From the forgetfull and ingratell land
Should it's cleare Crystall entrayles vilefye,
Or soyle such purenesse with impurity.
VVhat doth it doe, but serues our full contents,
Brings food, and for it, takes our excrements,
Yeelds vs all plenty, worthy of regard
And dirt, and muck we giue it for reward ?

Oh what a world of Poets, which excell
In Art, haue fabled riuers out of Hell,
As *Erebus*, *Cocitus*, *Acheron*,
Stix, *Orchus*, *Tartarus*, and *Phlegeton*,
And all Infernall *Barathrums* Damn'd Creekes,
With *Charons* passengers, and fearefull shriekes,
VVho writing, drinking *Lethe* to their shames
Vnthanfully they haue forgot the *Thames*.
But noble *Thames*, whilest I can hold a pen
I will diuulge thy glory vnto men :
Thou in the morning when my coyne is scant
Before the euening dost supply my want.
If like a Bee I seeke to liue and thriue,
Thou wilt yeeld hony freely to my hiue,
If like a drone I will not worke for meate,
Thou (in discretion) giu'st me nought to eate.
Thou the true rules of Iustice dost obserue,
To feed the lab' rer, let the idle sterue,
And I so many faithlesse men haue found
As any man that liues vpon the ground,

Riuers fabled
or feigned to
be in Hell.

Who

Who haue done me wrong, and themselves no good,
 And swore, and forswore in their damned mood:
 VVhilst I, (fond I) haue lent and giuen away
 To such as not so much as thanks will pay,
 For shame and modesty I name them not,
 But let their blacke soules beare the impure blot
 Of falshood, periury, and odious lies
 That Diuels in shape of mankind can deuise.
 If these lines happen to their hands to come,
 Thei'le pick their teeth, look downward, and cry hum,
 But goodnes how should euer I expect,
 From such who do so true a friend neglect.
 And therefore *Thames*, with thee I haue decreed
 Because thou neuer faile me in my need,
 To thee, to thee againe I doe retire
 And with thee Ile remaine, till life expire.
 Thou art my Mistresse, and oft-times from thee
 Thy liberality hath flowed to me,
 And for thou alwaies giuest me meanes to liue
 My selfe (most thankfully) my selfe doe giue.
Momus, thou sonne of *Somnus*, and of *Nox*,
 Take not my lines all for a Paradox:
 For most of them seeme true, and I doe rue
 That many of them I do know too true.
 Sleepe *Momus* sleepe, in *Murceas* slothfull bed,
 Let *Morpheus* lock thy tongue within thy head:
 Or if thou needst wilt prate, prate to this end
 To giue commends to that thou canst not mend.
 'Tis not a gilded Gull, made vp with oathes,
 That sweares, and damns himselfe into good clothes,
 That weares his cloake beneath his skirts and wast
 Cause men may see how he his trust and brac'd:
 Such a fast stick Ass, I care not for,
 He flouts my lines, and I doe him abhor.

The Oare hath
 foure or five
 vertues, first,
 it is healthfull,
 second, it a-
 uoids bad com-
 pany, third, it
 keepes men so-
 ber, fourth, it
 gets mony, fift,
 it auoides ex-
 pences al which
 vertues I will
 put in practise
 and fall to row-
 ing.

My

My poore inuention, no way is suppli'd
 VVith cutting large thongs from anothers hide:
 I haue not stolne a fillable, or letter
 From any man, to make my booke seeme better,
 But similies, comparisons, each line,
 Indifferent, good or bad, they all are mine,
 Yet I confesse I haue read many a booke
 From whence I haue some obseruations tooke.
 VVhich I make vse of, as occasions touch
 And any Poet (I thinke) will do as much.
 I will not brag, to all men be it knowne
 (By learning) I haue nothing of mine owne:
 But had I tongues and languages, like many
 Sure I should filch and steale as much as any.
 But like an Artles Poet, I say still
 I am a *Taylor*, true against my wil,
 Thus ending, (like to *Iasons* Golden-fleece)
 'This worke of *Hempseed*, is my Master-peece.

FINIS.

A Q U A - M U S Æ:

10.

O R,

Cacafoغو, Cacadaemon,

CAPTAIN GEORGE WITHER

Wrung in the Withers.

Being a short lashing Satyre, wherein the
Juggling Rebell is Compendiously finely
Firked and Jerked, for his late railing Pamphlet
against the King and State, called

C A M P O - M U S Æ.

Deu dabit hũ quoq; Funem.

By JOHN TAYLOR.



Printed in the fourth Yeare of
19 the Grand Rebellion.

(1642)



To the Dishonourable, Disworship-
full, Disloyall, and detestable the Rebels,
of what Nation, Sex, Sect, Degree, Quality, Ranke,
Age, Function, or Condition whatsoever.

Brave, Bold, Adventerors, and unmatched
Patrons, It was my chance (long since) to read
a witty Pamphlet, Intituled, Peirce Penniles
his Supplication, It was Dedicated to the De-
vill, there were in it many Satyricall true Jerks,
Jybes, Iests, and Iceres, which reflected and
trencht much upon the Graund Signior Sultan Sathans Reputa-
tion, which were much distastfull to his Infernall Hell-hood,
with all the rest of his Members of that Lower House. In I-
miration of that Supplication, dedicated to the Devill, I am
bold to Dedicate this my Satyricall Poem to you his deare Adop-
ted Sons (the Rebels) not doubting, but you will Patronize it,
and Reward the Writer, as your Father would have done. Tom
Nash, for his Penniles Volume; I know that you have more
Power then your Syre, and for State Policy, you have so farre
gone beyond him, that he blushes for shame, to heare how the
World laughes him to scorne, for being out-strip'd and over-
reach'd in his owne Art, by his owne Sons, Schollers, and Ser-
vants. He did once (sawcily and foolishly) offer to give all the
Kingdomes of the World, but you are better Husbands then to

give Kingdomes, for you have done your best and worst to take Kingdomes and Principalities, you have sold Ireland, and the Lives and Estates of 100000 People there, and with the Money which you received from your Mungrell Merchant Adventurers for Irish Land, you have bought, or hired, Scottish Rebels on purpose to make an English Invasion. To effect which most unparallel'd designs, your Pulpits, and Pamphlets have been most diligent and usefull Aggravators and Propagators, amongst whom, and of which unnumber'd Numberlesse, damnable Number, Captaine George Wyther, is not to be accounted a small Foole; His Campo-Musæ, doth declare the Gentlemans Loyalty with his Book, called, Brittaines Remembrancer, (in the 8th and 9th Cantocs) doe shew his Art in Adulation, and whosoever either hath read, or will or can read, understand and consider these his two Books, may palpably perceive the constancy of this Capricious Carpet Captaine, and also discerne what Spirit of Contradiction inspir'd his Muse. I have briefly Writ this my Satyre as a gentle Reproofe of his Perfidious unmannerly Mutability, wherein you may desery not onely his Rebellious Legerdemaine, but all his Maintainers, Patrons, Adorers, Admirers, and Rewarders, may see and be sorry for their Errors; He was a man that I have these 35 yeares loved and respected, because I thought him simply honest; But now his conceal'd Hypocrisie is by himselfe discovered, I am bold to take leave of him in these following lines.

Aqua



A Q U A - M V S Æ.

An Answer to W I T H E R his
C A M P O - M U S Æ.

HA, let me see, is that that Traiterous *Thing*,
Whose *Campo-Musa* hath Revil'd the King:
Sure 'tis not he, yet like him much he looks
That late compos'd such sinne Confounding Books,
In sharp *Ramusiaes* Pisse, his Pen he dip'd
And *Brittaines* Great *Abuses* Whipt and Strip'd,
And in his *Motto* did with Braggs declare
That in him selfe all Vertues perfect were.
Art thou that wonder of the Vniverse
Whose lines Heav'n, Hell, and Through the World did Pierce,
In Sixteen hundred twenty six, that yeare
Thou Wrot'st a Book (*Brittains Remembrancer*)
And in that Book with Boasting Boldnesse, then
Thou Vaunt'st thy selfe a Miracle of Men,
For never Hippocrite did shew more skill
And Pend so Well, and yet intend so ill.
In thy third Page, thou in that Preface say'st,
That *thou his Majesties High favour Weighst*
And that *thou holdst His Grace more deere to thee*
And Precious, then thy very soule could be.
Thy fourth Page Saies, thy Muse Spewes not Base Rimes
'Gainst Publique Persons (but to Last the Times)
Thou applie'st King *Dauids Nine and Thirtieth Psalm*
His Stormes of Griefes, his hidden fire, his Calme,
All which Blasphemously thy selfe Appliest
Vnto thy selfe; And in Applying Lye.
Thy ninth Page saies, *bad Tongues will set their stings*
Unjustly, on the Sacred names of Kings.

Thy tenth Page truly doth the Truth Repeat,
That the King sits in God Almightyes Seat.
 And thus (with Pharisaicall Ostentation)
 Thou saist *Commission*, (*Calling, Revelation,*)
 Were given thee from above, Reader, pray Note,
 How this Imposture late hath turn'd his Coate;
 View but his *Campo Musa*, and Confer
 The words and Sense, with his *Remembrancer*,
 And wavering Lies and Lines (*Black upon White*)
 Shewes rayling Hypocrite, *Hermophrodite*,
 Nor Male or Female, neither both or neither
 Much more Incongruent then flint and feather.
 Is this the Vulgar Vassalls, Valiant *George*
 Whose Whileom Muse did oracles disgorge,
 Who was admir'd of every Man and Woeman
 Of all sorts, from the Tinker to the Broomeman,
 Sure this cannot be he, And yet 'tis he,
 Then how (the Devill) can he thus changed be,
 Can he, that so much honesty profest
 (As if all honesty had been in's Brest)
 Can he be Metamorphos'd to a Knave,
 And write and fight, his Sovereigne to out-brave,
 Can his Lines Lye (that sweet Peace did desire)
 Yet stir up Warres, to set the Realme on fire,
 All this is possible, all this is done,
 This is *George Wyther*, his owne Mothers Son.
 Now he's great *George* a Horse-back, (mounted high)
 Dares to affront, and Raile 'gainst Majesty,
 This is the *George* thus altered, thus all-turd
 Whose Satyres Goose-quill is transform'd t' a sword,
 For whose sake, I protest it with my Pen,
I never will trust Wall-eyed Jade agen.
 Brave *George*, no *George* of *Cappodocia*,
 But famous *George* of *Braggodocia*,
 Ride on fierce *George*, untill thy high desert
 By Transmutation, make thy Horse a Cart.
 What contraries doth thy mad Braines possesse
 That with a Traiterous Warre doth Peace professse,

That

That playes at fast, and loose, with handy dandy
 Mak't Subjects 'gainst their Sovereigne Bullets bandy,
 Much mischiefe in that double mind did lurke,
 And Hell it selfe, set that dam'd *Muse* a worke.
 Was ever such vile fragment Riming Raggs
 Patch'd up together with abusive Braggs;
 That who so doth his *Campo-Musa* Read,
 Will judge the Devill did his Invention Lead;
 Like to a Iesuited subtil Fox,
 His Honest Writings but a Paradox:
 His Verities are false, his Errors true,
 Such Risse Raffe hotch Potch, his sweet *Muse* doth Brew.
 How villany doth cunningly deceive,
 And good and bad together interweave;
 He Praies, Inveighs, Commends, Contemns, Extols,
 Approves, Reproves, Loves, Scornes, Obeys, Controls,
 Admits, Commits, Omits, Permits, submits,
 Remits, and Limmits, as his humor fits,
 Tossing his Sovereignes Honour to and fro,
 Even as his sawcy Idle Braines do Crow,
 And with his Rimes doth Knaves and Fooles inspire
 To blow the Bellowes of Rebellion fire.
 Hell never Spewd worse villaines then are those
 That weekly (weakly) Raile in Rime and Prose,
 'Mongst which accursed Crew, a part thou Bearst,
 And in the Divells great name Rebellion Rearst.
 For had not that black Breed of *Cerberus*,
Scout, *Dove*, *Diurnall*, and *Brisannicus*,
 Wife *Wither*, *Booker*, and the damned swarmes
 Of Rake-hells, Animated *Englands* harmes,
 All our Contentions had been reconcil'd
 Long since, and blessed *Peace* had gently smil'd.
 Wer't not for theirs and thine ill working Braine,
 The King had lustly had His own againe:
 Th'affrighting front of bloody Warre had not
 Disturb'd no honest *English* man or *Scor*.
 Thousands of Soules are from their Bodies parted,
 (By Lyes and Curfed Libellers perverted)

Which

Which may be fear'd did to perdition fall
 Before their Bodies could have Buriall.
 You Mungrell Whelps of Hell's Infernall Litter,
 What is the cause that makes your hate so bitter,
 Is it because you thinke your selves more Righteous,
 Or (in the Devills name) wherefore thus despight ye us?
 Is it because the King's a Protestant
 That 'gainst him you are joyn'd in Covenant?
 Is it because he meanes to be so still
 And never meanes to change, you wish him ill?
 Is it because hee's Mercifull and Just
 You those Indignities upon him thrust,
 Is it because he ne're intended wrong
 That you doe hold his Life and Raigne too long?
 Are these the Cause, wherefore you dislike him
 Are these th' occasions why your Malice strike him?
 Go hang your selves base Villaines, he shall Live
 And flourish, and his God will Guerdon give
 To you with Judas, and Achitophell
 Where unrepenting Cursed Rebels dwell.
 What Armes into the Field can Traitors bring
 But Arm'd Impiety against the King;
 Is not the Person of the King so high
 As God Almightyes sacred Deputie?
 Then what are those blasphemous Rabshakas
 Anathemas, and Maranathamas?
 God lookes and sees how they doe plot and plod
 They understand not, nor seeke after God,
 Abhorrible out at h way they'r gone
 Ther's none doth good amongst them, no not one,
 Their Throats are open Sepulchers, their Tongues
 Have ly'd deceitfully with slandering Wrongs,
 And underneath their Lips Aspes poyson is,
 Their Moushes are full of Cursing bitterness,
 Their Feet are very swift mens blood to shed
 Haples destruction in the wayes they tread,
 The way of Peace they have not knowae, and there
 Before their eyes of God there is no feare.

Psal. 14. v. 4,
 5, 6, 7.

Thus

Thus is the foureteenth *Psalm* in *Dauids* Rile
 Apply'd to such as dare the King Reuile.
 And what art thou then, but a false pretender
 That seekes to Ruinate the Faiths Defender:
 To blow Warres Trumpet, without warrant for it,
 Is foule Rebellion, all good men abhorre it.
 And what hath Roguish Riming, Tricks and Iceres
 But set us all together by the Eares,
 To Murder, Pilfer, Plunder, and oppresse,
 To make Wives Widdowes, Children fatherlesse,
 The Father 'gainst the Son, Son 'gainst the Father,
 And Brother against Brother force together,
 Whil'st *Christian Faith*, you *Hypocrites* or'cwhelme,
 And *Publique Faith* hath Cheated all the Realme.
 This (*Master George*) is your great *Trades* * *Encrease*
 To Write, Raile, and disturbe your Countreyes Peace,
 In Rime to render our *Dread Sovereigne* odious,
 For your great profit hath been much commodious,
 Had'st thou not Writ, and Raile as thou hast done
 Th'adst been no *Captaine*, Th'adst bin hangd as soone;
 The onely way to flourish, and goe brave,
 Is to turne *Rebell, Hypocrite and Knave*,
 If I my selfe, would but a Villaine be
 I should be Mounted and prefer'd like thee.
 Yet 'tis not feare of Heavens Eternall wrath
 Or Hells dam'd Tortures, me restrained hath,
 But filiall feare of God, in me beares sway,
 That I in love his Ordinance obay,
 And those that doe not (I doe feare) their fate
 Will be the portion of the Reprobate.
 But whither *Wit*, doth my fancy see?
 I ought not write in serious phrase to thee,
 Thou precious most pernicious *Prelate* hater
 To *Durhams* Reverend *Bishop* thou wast *Cater*,
 Or Steward, where to make thy 'Compts seem cleare,
 Thou mad'st two Monthes of *July* in one yeare,
 And in the totall Reck'ning it was found
 Thou Cheat'st the *Bishop* of five hundred pound.

* A great ship
 that used to
 go to the East
 Indies, called
 the *Trade's*
Encrease.

D^r *Hoyson*,

B

But

But thou dost hold it for no sinne at all,
 To Rob the Person that's *Episcopall*.
 This is no Crime in thee or thy Compeeres,
 Tub-Preaching Tinkers, Pedlars, Pulpitteeres,
 Whose best Religion, is most irreligious,
 Who think Church Spoylers are not sacrilegious,
 Who hold the Clergy as superfluous People,
 And make the *Chancell* baser then the Steeple.
 These are as arrant Rogues as ever twangd
 And I doe with them in the Bell-ropes hangd.
 But leaving unto God, the wronged Clergie
 Now, with a fresh Charge, *Witther* I must charge ye,
 And in a true way, I will make Relation,
 That thy best Writings are Equivocation.
 And that thy mind and *Muse*, were never friends
 In any goodnesse, but for private ends.
 But leaving that a while, I will discourse
 And once i'll put the *Cart before the Horse*;
 Thy Picture to thy Bookes was Printed, put
 With curious Workmanship engrav'd and cut:
 And Verses under it, were wisely pend
 Which fooles suppos'd were written by some friend,
 Which God knowes, thou, I, and a Thousand know,
 Those lines (thy selfe praise) from thy selfe did flow.
 Thou dotedst soupon thine owne Effigies,
 It look'd so smugge, Religious, Irreligious,
 So Amiable Lovely, Sweet and Fine,
 A Phisnomic Poetique and Divine:
 'Till (like *Narsiu*) gazing in that Brook.
 Pride drown'd thee, in thy selfe admiring Book.
 Yet for your Valour, you deserv'd much fame
 You Conquer'd *Farnham* Castle, and did tame
 And vanquish't all the Cavaliers so Bravely,
 (Look in a Glasse, and you shall see the Knave Lye)
 A Dogge, two Cats, and an old Woeman were
 Your opposites, when as you entred there;
 For which great service, had your Masters might,
 And power withall; you had bin dubb'd a Knight.

His Picture
 geaven before
 some of his
 Books, the
 Commenda-
 tory Verses to
 the Picture,
 were written
 by himselfe.

But

But 'tis no matter, they might doe as well,
 They may Create you halfe a Colonell.
 In *Farnham Castle*, thou wast great Commander,
 And Thoughtst thy selfe more great then *Alexander*,
 Yet in thy Carriage, Valour, Fashion, Forme,
 Thou wast a Strong, Infirme, Stout, Feeble Worme.
 For when thy Master Rebels call'd thee out,
 With all thy fellowes of that damned Rout,
 Thy Cowardise, thou finely did'st disguise,
 Thy sight was dim, the blame was in thine Eyes,
 For want of sight, thou durst not see to Fight,
 But like a Rebell Divell couldst see to Write.
 'Tis well thou wast not Valiant, as thy Pen
 Emblazons thee, th' hadst then bin Man of Men,
 Great *Agamemnon* to thee were a Toy,
 And Brave *Achilles* but a prating Boy,
Ulysses a poor Silly Stoisk Assle,
 And *Hector* for a Foole in Armes should passe.
 Oh had'st thou had the profit of thine Eyne,
 Th'adst beaten purblind all the Worthies 9.
 Thus blind with Ignorance, and Impudence,
 And Wall-ey'd in thy scared Conscience,
 Thy Goose-quill, hath Revil'd the King and Law,
 When as thy Sword thou never dar'st to draw,
 For which from both sides thou deserv'st a Fee,
 A Triple Twist at the Triangle Tree.
 And now Pleave to fish in troubled Waters,
 Let's talke a little of some other Matters;
 'Tis knowne that once within these thirty yeares,
 Thou wast in Jayle for scandalling some Peeres,
 And 'tis not lawfull for a Satyres Pen,
 To wrong the Honours of particular Men,
 Which you did, not for any hate you bore
 To Vice or Villany, but that therefore
 You would be famous, and to Prizen Committed,
 Whereby you seem'd most wonderfully Witted.
 There, in the Marshalsea, whole flights of *Gulls*,
 Of *Schismatiques*, of *Cuckolds*, *Knaves* and *Trulls*,

In Drowes and Heardes, in Pilgrimage they came
 (As Er'st Fooles did t' our Lady of *Walsingham*)
 You were their *Idol Sains*, and at your Shrine
 They offred *Hecatombes* of Coyne and Wine,
 Sweet meates and Iunkets, (more then you could dreame)
 Came flowing to you dayly like a stream.
 Thus to your *Mill* came ragge, ragge, great and small,
 You Ground, and (with the *Cogges*) took toll of all.
 At last to give some Ease unto your *Mill*
 You were Released from Priz'n against your will.
 Then was your Pockets Treasure full to'th top,
 Which (by degrees) might t' a Consumption drop,
 Then after that (by chance) met you and I
 Where we us'de Complementall courtesy,
 And talked of Poetry, and then I sayd
 You (by the *Muses* favour) was well payd,
 Whilst I (for my part) whatsoever I writ
 Though men approved and applauded it,
 Yet fortune unto me, was still unkind
 Bonny was fast asleep, or hard to find,
 Verboseitie and Vapour was my Gainer
 And Poverty the Portion of my Paines,
 Though you found many an Ignorant Meeenas,
 Which made you fat, still remain'd a Leane Asse,
 Words like to those, or much to this effect
 I spake, and you this Answer did direct.
 John, you must boldly doe, as I have don
 Against great Persons let your Verses run,
 Snarle at the State, and let your Satyre's pen
 Write against Government, and Noblemen.
 You must run wilfully into offence,
 What though they call it sauey Impudence,
 And so Commit you for't, as they did me
 Then shall you Thrive, and be as you would be;
 Your Books would sell your selfe get Coyn and Fame,
 And then (like mine) Renown'd shall be your Name.
 I doe not say our talke was punctuall such,
 But what we spake imported full as much.

By

By which may be perceiv'd thou Wrot't soodly
 Not out of Hatred unto Acts ungodly,
 By insinuation to intrude
 Into th'affections of the Multitude.
 Thus from poor witleffe Lumps of Ignorance
 Thou gatt'st Applause, Coyne, Cloaths, and Countenance;
 As to their Cost, the most of them can prove
 Thou Cheat'st 'em of their Money and their love,
 And now your *Campa-Muse* hath found Grace
 To grace you in a gracelesse Captains Place.
 Now dreadfull Warres, and Politique designs
 Are the Effects of thy Prophetique Lines:
 Armes, mighty Armes, and strange Redoubted deeds
 Are th' Issues now that from thy Muse proceeds,
 Th'ast turnd thy *Anagrams* to *Ambuscadoes*
 Thy *Diagrams* to terrible *Bravadoes*,
 Thy *Chronograms* to horrible *Stockadoes*,
 Thy *Epigrams* to desp'rate *Imbrocadoes*,
 Thy *Disticks* to *Redoubts* and *Barrisadoes*,
 Thy *Dastills* and thy *Spondoes* to *Scalladoes*,
 Thy measur'd verse to *Marches* and *Soldadoes*,
 Thy *Cantos*, and *Acrosticks* to *Granadoes*,
 Thy *Canzoes* to *Brigades*, and *Carvasadoes*,
 Thy *Dialogues* to Bruising *Bastinadoes*,
 Thy *Prologues* to most Barbarous *Stab-adoes*,
 Thy *Catalogues* to Vagrant *Renegadoes*,
 Thy *Epilogues* to Warlike *Pallizadoes*,
 And *Warwick* plays th'usurping *Adelantado*,
 For *Englands* ruinerules the Kings *Armado*,
 But 'tis my hope your ends will prove *Mockado*,
 Not worth a ragge of rotten welch *Freezado*,
 And thou esteemed lesse then a *Lantzprizado*.
 For if thou durst lay by thy curst Spleen,
 And speak but Loyally of King and Queen,
 Cease to bely the Lords, and but deny
 Thou never slanderd'st them with Papistry;
 Cease to Abuse the Bishops, and the Tribe
 Of sacred *Levi*, cease thou curst *Scribe*,

T'applaud foule Treason, and approve all those,
 That to Gods Church the King, and Peace are foes:
 Seek but thy Countreys Peace in word and deed,
 Thy Maisters then will hang thee for thy Meede,
 Be but an Honest man two daies together,
 No more a Captain then, but Poor *George Withers*.
 Should I but answer every Lye and Line,
 In that Base Balderdash poor *Thing* of thine,
 I might b'account'd so, so, Thus and Thus,
 An Ass impertinent, *Volunnius*,
 A Murderer of Paper, a time Waster,
 A Folio Foole, a *Zany Poetaster*,
 Thy Apish Coxcombe (in thy imitation,
 Like thee) the Squirt-Rime of our Troubled Nation,
 One of the Sages of Old *Gorbams* Clarkes
 That mak's reply to every dog that Barkes.
 E're I'll be thy means for Maintenance,
 Let thy Applauders dye in Ignorance,
 For 'tis most probable thy jeeres and Lying,
 Thou wror't in hope of Gaine by my Replying.
 And if men truly would thy Book examine,
 There may they find both Sense and Reasons famine,
 All broken Numbers, fractions. faction, fictions,
 Meer Mutabilities, selfe Contradictions,
In Dock, out Nettle, here, there, every where,
 And in conclusion, no where, here nor there,
 The Phrase where with thy Verse are Beawtified,
 Is onely where the King is Vileified,
 And that for which thou most art Gratified,
 Hath made a Thousand fooles misefified;
 With impudence thou art so fortifide,
 And with Hipocrisie so Quallifide,
 And (to the World) thy selfe halt justifide,
 That from the World thou art cleane Mortifide,
 All which thy Boasting Rimes have certifide,
 For under thine own hand 'tis Testifide,
 And by a crew of Rebels Notifide,
 (Such as with Ignorance are Stupifide)

That

That those bad times so fowle and Putrified,
 By thy rare Writings are much purified:
 And as we finde by warre so mundified,
 Vnparallel'd and unexemplified,
 (Or at the least so neatly rectified)
 That thou deservest to be stellified,
 Or Idoliz'd and almost Deified,
 In the mean time thy fame is Magnified;
 Thy person wendred at, and dignified,
 And (if they could) thou should'st be satisfied,
 (Although themselves were double Damned)
 Thy Female faire, adorn'd and turpified,
 Should, for thy services be Ladified:
 All this by Fooles and Rebels Ratified,
 Is by all wise men scorn'd and Nullified.
 Our Miseries thou hast not mollified,
 Thou our calamities hast amplified,
 And this my Satyr's Lash hath verified.
 This thou maist see, and this thou must allow;
 I can Rand words, and Rime as well as thou:
 Speak and write Nonsense, even by thy example,
 (Though not like thine Admir'd abroad so ample)
 Like to the inundation of a flame,
 Or like a Mad Lord, never out of frame,
 Or like the Entrailles of a purple Snail,
 Or like the wagging of the Dog-starres Tail,
 Or like the Frost and Snow that falls in June,
 Or like sweet Musique, that was ne're in Tune:
 Or like a Ship that wants sides, Stern and Keele,
 Or like the Marrow-bones of Fortunes Wheele,
 Even such is *Wit*, like all these or nothing,
 Yet like himselfe, in every good mans Loathing.
 And is not this rare Nonsense, prethee tell,
 Much like thy writing, if men marke it well:
 For Nonsense is Rebellion, and thy writing,
 Is nothing but Rebellious Warres inciting.
 Base Scandall, Lyes, and Disobedience,
 Is most Ridiculous, and poor Nonsense,

There's

Ther's nothing is true sense, but what is true,
 And Hanging is good sense for such as you.
Apollo made not thee his onely Heire
 In Poetry, I gat some part for my share,
 And though with Art thou partly art endow'd,
 Yet God and Nature, me some Gifts allow'd:
 Which I (as my poor Tallent will extend)
 To Vindicate my wronged King I'll spend.
 Nor am I bound (what'e're thou may'st suggest)
 To think 'mongst *Englands* Poets thou art best,
 Thy Verses many wayes applauded are
 Yet many that Boast lesse may reach as farre.
 Dorth all invention in thy Braine Consist,
 Art thou the Bounds, the Limits and the List,
 The *Longitude* of Wit and Honesty,
 The *Latitude* of true Integrity;
 Art thou th' *Hyperbole* wonder, whose Rare Partes
 Is *Non Plus Ultra*, of all Armes and Artes,
 Art thou all this, the Devill thou art. Bragge on,
 My selfe once gat a Sippe of *Hellion*,
 Which with Enthusiasmes did infuse
 Into my Braines some Rap'ts of every Muse,
 And therefore, I am sure, thou hast not all,
 I have my Portion too (although but small.)
 Which i'f t'were lesse by halfe, I dare assay,
 To Cope with thee, in any Loyall way.
 But to write Verse, that may Rebellion breed
 Therein thou art too hard for me indeed.
 In the meane space, Thou Pigmeey Impe of Warr.
 Rodomontado, Champion for the *Par-* *
Lament, we grieve for griev'd *Englands* woe,
 Whilst every true Man's driven from his *Pe-* *
Sessions may try those Knaves that look so big;
 And then 'tis ten to one, but Honest *Grig.* *
 Or I, in Lofty Verse thy praise shall Sing,
 And Thou high Mounted to thy Merits, Swing.

* These
 words are
 purposely clo-
 ven or split,
 for the under-
 standing of
 the Learned,
 Illiterate,
 Grave, Ridi-
 culous Rea-
 der.

F I N I S.



MAD VERSE, SAD VERSE, GLAD
VERSE and Bad VERSE.

Cut out, and slenderly sticht together,
By JOHN TAYLOR.

Who bids the Reader either to like or dislike
them, to Commend them, or Come
Mend them.

I Weeping sing the maddest mad Rebellion,
That ever Story told, or Tongue can tell ye on:
The Barbarous Wars of th' Heathen *Goths*, and *Vandalls*,
Did never make their names such Odious Scandalls:
The *Turkes*, the *Jewes*, the *Canniballs* and *Tatars*,
Ne're kept such wicked, Rude, unruly Quarters.
Jerusalems Eleazer, *John* and *Simon*,
Did ne're yeeld Poet baser stiffe to Rime on.
Not bloody *Sylla*, or consuming *Marins*,
Into so many mischiefs could e're carry us;
The *Roman* and th' *Imperiall Guelphes* and *Gibellins*,
Vnto our *Englissh* Rebels are but *Quibblins*.
Not *Munsters Iohn a Leyd*; or *Knipperdoling*,
Did ever use such Pilling and such Polcing;
Nor was their Cheating or their Haro-braind trouble like
As ours, (rais'd by the faithlesse *Faith* call'd *Publique*.)
The Royall twain, *Launcsfrians*, and *Yorkists*,
Were ne're so mad as those Cornuted Forkists.

The

(1725)

The Heard of all the Councell (called Common)
 Hath shewed such wisdom, as was seen by no man;
 And many of the Rich and Reverend Aldermen,
 (Saving their Beards) in wit were never Balder-men.
 The Citizens of all Trades, (poor tame Widgeons)
 Were hardly more in number, then Religions,
 That one may say of *London*, what a Towne ist,
 Is it quite *Metamorphos'd*, and turn'd *Brownist*,
 Or shivered into Sects? alas, how apt ist
 To be a Familist, or *Anabaptist*!
 And last of all, (and which of all, the worst is)
 To be Rebellious, which (of all) accurst is.
 The two pretended Houses at *Westminster*
 Have made a stirre, as there hath never bin stirre
 To equall it, and with Religions Mantle
 They Risse *England*, by patch, piece and Cante,
 The Documents of *Burton*, *Prinne* and *Bastwick*,
 Inspires the People mindes, and Braines fantastick,
 Whilst the Committee close, or close Committee
 Makes many Thousands sing a dolefull Dittie;
 Where daily *feares* are stamp'd, and new Coynd Iealousies
 For King and Kingdomes spoyle, both Fire, and Bellows is.
 Their *Whirlegigges*, their *Vanes* and *Hasterigges*,
 Whose wisdomes are approv'd, (like *Tarletons* lygges.)
 Mild-may that monster never be received,
 That *Judas* like his Maisters trust deceived,
 And let that *Pye* within the Oven be burned,
 That 'gainst his Maker is a Rebell turned.
 Let *Say* be lesse esteem'd then rotten *Buckram*
 And *Holland* scorn'd and stink like lousie *Lockram*.
 May *Deering*, a rare Gem, a deare Ring be he,
 And (*Circle*) turn'd, at the Triangle Tree be.
 And I may say of thee, O *London*, *London*,
 What hath thy sword and shield, thy Pike and Gun done.
 O what hath many a Mothers wicked son done
 But made their Magazen of mischief *London*.
 Thrice happy had it been for our *Tranquillitie*,
 If th' Authors of this damned Incivillitie,

Had

Had been a little checkt by *Gregory Brandon*,
 With every one a Hempen twilted Band on.
 Because I wrote some Pamphlets, that were printed
 In hope thereby their madnesse might be stinted.
 For which my kindnesse they were still ingratefull,
 And every day (with troubles) filld my Pate full,
 Abusing my sincere and good Intentions
 With foule prejudicate and false Inventions.
 For since the time that first I understood men
 I ne're writ any thing to anger good men;
 But I have lastt at Nose-wise Scripture Picklers,
 At Separatists, and lawlesse Conventicklers,
 Who are this Kingdomes wasting Maledictions,
 The Kings, the Churches, and the Lands Afflictions,
 They said I was a Villaine, and most fervent
 In Roguery, for I was the Kings sworne Servant:
 They did so farre detest me, and abhorre me
 They caus'd a Messenger to be sent for me,
 He used me kindly for which cause here I name
 The man (a wonder) and men call him *Binchame*.
 He said mine Enemies were full of malice
 (Wider from truth then *Dover* is from *Callice*;)
 Their fowle Complaints (quoth he) are scimble scamble,
 Mere Froth and Vapour, yet wo two must amble
 Before the close Committees great Tribunall,
 (Whose Orders have put Order out of Tune all:)
 To Merchant-Taylors-Hall, (as I remember)
 He brought me, neare the ending of *November*,
 The yeare of sixteene hundred forty and two
 Whereas false Accusations I did stand to,
Aethiopian Corbet, *Isaack* high and mighty
 Look'd grim, their very countenance would fright ye.
 They charg'd me with such words, that I had spoken,
 Which had I spoke, my Neck they would have broken;
 That *Pym*, *Kimbolton*, *Hasterigge*, *Strode*, *Hampden*
 And *Hollis* (Rebells which the learned *Campden*,
 Nor *Stow*, *Howes*, *Speed*, old *Fabian*, *Cooper*, *Grafton*
 In all their Chronicles, they never left one

For Treason, with those six to be compared,
 Or dar'd to do, the like as they have dared.)
 They said I said, those six a cursed Crew were,
 That they to God, King, Kingdom, never true were,
 That they were Rogues, and Theeves, full of oppression.
 Rebels, and Traitors, for which foul Transgression
 Because they all grew rich by Robbing others,
 Made Sirelesse Sons, Sons Sirelesse, Sonlesse Mothers,
 By Rapine bringing Thousands unto Beggery,
 For which they all deserv'd reward from *Gregory*.
 These dangerous accusations I deny'd all,
 My conscience knew, that they from Truth were wide all,
 And that my 'accusers, that sought my disgrace there,
 Not one of them did dare to show his face there.
 Vpon which answer they did straight acquit me,
 Yet to the Messenger they did Commit me;
 But he spake for me, I did humbly wooe them,
 He said (at any time) I should come to them:
 The honest Messenger gat me discharged,
 And to the Tavern we went both enlarged,
 Where I did give him thanks in sack and Claret,
 And for his paines had but a small fee for it.
 My Rascall Enemies did dayly watch me,
 And vow'd to do me mischief if they catch me:
 To Murder me, they many times way-laid me,
 And near the *Guild Hall*, once had like t'have payd me.
 For as my selfe, and two more honest men was,
 One Quart at three-tons Tavern, drinking then was,
 The cursed Crew, (more then six score to 'th hundred)
 Did swear that Limb from Limb I should be sundred,
 My friends and I Amaz'd, did much admire on,
 Wherefore the House so Rudely they Inviron,
 But I perceiving t'was no time to dally,
 Slit through a smoke shop, in t'a narrow Alley,
 And so into a street men call *Cat-Eaten*,
 And by that meanes, escap'd more then being Beaten.
 My Wife lay long sick, many troubles prickt me,
 Necessity did divers wayes Afflict me.

The King (my Maister) justly was offended,
 And on his Service my Estate depended,
 He, and His Royall Queen, (my gracious Mistris)
 Were driven from us, His Servants left in distresse;
 Where we (poor fellows) were despis'd and hated,
 And to give Money 'gainst our Maister Rated:
 But I, with others, crav'd to be excused,
 Some gave, some gave not, flatly I refused,
 My King and's Father, gave me cloath and Wages,
 Which Motive sure His Servants all ingages:
 But too too many a Rascall (worfe then *Judas*,)
 Have given the Rebells Money like a Lewd Afse.
 The generation of abhorred Vipers,
 The Coyn-Collectors, most insatiate Gripers,
 Swore to return my name, I feard what may come,
 And lest my wife a dying, and away come.
 My wrongs, my griefts, and sicknese so had wearied her,
 Shce dy'd, they sold my goods, and fairly buried her.
 Th'usurping *Jsaack* (Major) did hate me deadly,
 But yet I got his passe (by meere Chaunce-Medlyr)
 I tooke a Boate, and up to *Windfor* went I,
 Whereas of Rebells (of all sorts) were plenty,
 Some great Commanders, who were Tradefemen broken,
 Grown rich with Plunder, late, scarce worth a Token;
 Some Cobling Preachers, some perfidious Nobles,
 (The Church, the King and Kingdomes cursed troubles,)
 Besides a crew of base Knaves, *Omnium Gatherum*,
 Shuffle'em together, and the Divell father'um;
 One of their Generall *Essex* Life-Guard was there
 Who struck me, as I up the street did passe there,
 He calld me pretty surnames, Rogue and Traytor,
 Malignant, and the Parliaments great hater,
 And Spy, and to the Kings use, then that I would
 Betray the Town and Castle both, if I could.
 That villaine had a mighty mind to bast me,
 But I, from him did to the Castle hast me,
 Where *Peterborough* Earle, and the Lord *Rochfort*,
 (Pardon my Rime good Reader I must botch for't)

They knew me, and did entertaine me friendly
 And askt at what place did my journies end lye,
 I said to *Abingdon*; and that to *Henly*
 I would go that night, if I might passe cleanly,
 Or safely from my Lord of *Essex* Catives
 Whose carriage shewed, they were not *Englands* Natives.
 The Noble Rebels kindly did discard me
 And caused some Souldiers through their Guards to guard me,
 And so I *wind* for left, (what can be more said)
 And weary went to *Henly*, as aforesaid.
 But when to *Maidenhead* I was advanced
 Vpon three Ragged Rebels there I chanced,
 Who all to *Henly*, company did beate me
 And in the mid-way, (in a wood) did feare me.
 For, in the Thicke: of tall *Oakes* and *Beeches*
 Me thought I heard 'em mutter scurvy speeches,
 One said, old man, the Coat you now are wearing
 Is much too hot, and heavy for your bearing,
 The second spide a bag, wherein I carried
 Things for my use, (as my occasions varied)
 These two demanded, and I durst not grudge it
 But strait delivered them my Coat and Budget.
 The third man (which did make their number triple)
 Offered his service, like a kind disciple,
 Quoth he, of that man you to much have shar'd him,
 And of his goods and moveables have par'd him,
 Shall I that of your Company am third man
 Have nothing, shall I be a base absurd man.
 My friend, quoth I, all is not quite bereft me
 My selfe is yet mine owne, my selfe is left me,
 I'm weary, carry me, they have my cloathing
 And thou shalt carry me, that's more then nothing.
 Wich that they laught outright, I faining smiled
 And so the tedious way with talke beguiled.
 My leash of Rascalls, were mad Blades, (right *Bilboes*)
 True tatter'd Rogues, in breech, shirts, skirts and elboes,
 They sung, and danc'd the Morris, like maide *Marrian*
 And sweat and stunk, as sweet as sugar Carrion,

I mus'd,

I mus'd, if they were pleas'd to jeere and sob me,
 Or if they meant to jest with me or Rob me:
 But they to me prov'd Rébells, with some reason
 They had not leasn'd their Grammar Rules of Treason,
 They kindly brought me to a wholsome Alehouse,
 Where merrily we drank like foure good fellowes,
 With songs, and tales, and now and then a story
 And 'ere we fell asleep, we sung *John Dorrye*.
 They gave me all, which they from me had got then,
 Deceivag me, cause they deceiv'd me not then;
 I left both them and *Henly*, and away I
 To *Abingdon*, by shutting in of day I
 Came to the *Kings Head*, (my owne Brothers house,) and
 Of welcomes, I had some part of a thousand.
 'Twas neare the time of *Marches Equinoctiall*,
 I had good meat, and such drink as would fox ye all:
 Ther's many Barrell full, turn'd Turvey Toppie
 And many a But hath dropt away the dropsie,
 That there's good fare, and entertainment proper
 For Love, for Gold, for Silver, and for Copper:
 At *Abingdon*, I staid almost a fortnight,
 The dayes wax'd long, (and each day had a short night.)
 Much about Easter time, I came to *Oxford*,
 Where are some few knaves, and some Mizers Fox-furd,
 In *Christ-Church* Garden, then a gladsome sight was
 My Sovereigne Lord, and many a Peere and Knight was,
 The Hopefull Prince, and *James Dux Eboracensis*
 (Whom God defend from Rebells false pretences)
 The Sunne of Sacred Majesty did frustrate
 My former griefes, and all my joyes Illustrate,
 His gracious Eye, did see where I did stand strait
 He came to me, puts forth his Royall hand strait,
 Which on my knees, I humbly kneeld and kist it,
 I rather had left all I had, then mist it.
 But now at *Oxford*, I was safe arrived
 How to be well imployed my Braines contrived,
 My purse was turn'd a *Brownist* or a *Round-head*,
 For all the Crosses in it, were confounded,

To some Employment I my selfe must settle,
 Fire must be had to boyle the Pot and Kettle.
 Then by the Lords Commissioners, and also
 By my good King, (whom all true Subjects call so)
 I was commanded with the Water-Baylie
 To see the Rivers clesed, both nights and dayly.
 Dead Hogges, Dogges, Cats, and well flayd Carryon Horses,
 Their noylom Corpes soyld the Waters Courses:
 Both swines and Stable dunge, Beasts guts and Garbage,
 Street durt, with Gardners weeds and Rotten Herbage.
 And from those Waters filthy putrifaction,
 Our meat and drink were made, which bred Infection.
 My selfe and partner, with cost paines and travell,
 Saw all made clean, from Carryon, Mud, and Gravel:
 And now and then was punishd a Delinquent,
 By which good meanes away the filth and stink went.
 Besides at all commands, we serv'd all warrants,
 To take Boats for most necessary errants,
 To carry Ammunition, food and fewell,
 (The last of which last Winter was a Jewell.)
 Poor Souldiers that were Maim'd, or sick, or wounded
 By the curst meanes of some Rebellious Roundhead;
 To carry and recarry them our care was,
 To get them Boats as cause both here and there was.
 Thus have I been imployd, besides my trade is,
 To write some Pamphlets, to please Lords and Ladies,
 With Gentlemen or others that will read them,
 Whose wits (I hope) not over much will heed them:
 To all these services I am immediate
 Obedient, willing, at occasions ready at.
 My Riches is my Lane Legge, let the blame lye
 Vpon that Legge, because I have writ Lamelye.

FINIS.

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